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NDONIANA



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LONDONIANA.

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VOL. II.



LONDONIANA.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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LONDONIANA.

A CHAPTER ON THE THAMES.

(1869.)

IF the statue of Father Thames who sits in the courtyard of Somerset House could but speak, what tales might it not tell us of the past, even if it went no further back than the time when our ancestors, in their gaudy-coloured suits, fished in its waters, and their wives and daughters wandered along its banks. How much could it not tell us of those halcyon days when the Romans made their way up the river, and compelled the Britons eighteen centuries ago to labour on its embankment. Coming down to later times, it might tell of splendid pageants and of much merry-making in those days when great men and rich citizens kept their barges and boats along its banks, and their sons and apprentices had their water tournaments, in which the antagonists

stood upright in separate wherries, and strove with their lances to upset each other into the river, or else ran at a shield attached to a post, with the result, probably, of being thrown backwards into the river, in case of missing aim. Those must have been fine times for the watermen, as to the number of whom in his time Stow says that they exceeded forty thousand.

The Thames in those days, and long subsequently, was, in fact, the great highway of London. All great processions from the City were made in the state-barges which were kept, one or more, by each Company from the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. When the proud and happy Anne Boleyn embarked at Greenwich to proceed to the Tower for her coronation, she was attended by the Mayor and Corporation in their barges, a circumstance that must have recurred to her memory and caused her many a bitter tear when she found herself floating downwards to her last place of residence, previous to her entrance into that narrow home to which neither her friends nor her foes could hope to avoid following her.

In a map on a large scale the tip of the finger could not be placed on any part of the river from Greenwich to Chiswick Ait without covering a spot respecting which an interesting anecdote

could be related. Kings have descended its stream to share in joy and feasting; and at least one King has embarked on it with a heart filled with sadness, and who never expected to see it again. All along its banks are to be seen memorials of individuals who once dwelt on them. Steel-clad men have walked upon them discoursing of wars and bloodshed, and men of more peaceful pursuits, but whose names make a much greater figure in history.

The locality of York House is still shown by the Water-gate, commonly attributed to Inigo Jones. It seems, however, from an entry in an old book of works in the Soane Museum, to have been erected by Nicholas Stone, master-mason to King Charles, of whom it is said:—"The Water-gate at York House hee dessined and built; and y^e right-hand lion hee did, fronting y^e Thames. Mr. Kearne, a Jarman, his brother, by marrying his sister, did y^e shee lion."

Here Lord Bacon lived, and hoped to end his days; but he was disappointed, for, being within the verge of the court, it lay within the boundaries inside of which he was forbidden to take up his abode. His successor was the Duke of Buckingham murdered by Felton, who purchased the weapon, with which he did the murder, within sight of the Thames, and beneath the walls of the

Tower, within which lie, between two queens, the remains of one who once lived in Lord Bacon's immediate vicinity, the Duke of Northumberland. The Thames was, in fact, the great highway to the Tower, and many who were more deserving of pity than the ambitious Duke just mentioned, were conveyed thither by it.

Time after time has old Thames been frozen over, and fairs been held on it. Sore, indeed, was the frost on these occasions, as old chroniclers phrase it, that produced such a result. Still there were thousands on each occasion who gladly seized the opportunity to indulge in a merry-making on its hardened surface. Oxen were roasted whole; targets were established, whereat men and apprentices exhibited the skill they had acquired at the butts at Finsbury and Islington, and which many among them had probably exercised on battle-fields, where Saxons, Normans, or Frenchmen were the living butts, and who could venture—like the gentleman of York who slew Sir Andrew Barton—to stake their lives on striking a silver shilling at twelve score yards. Every other diversion practised in the days when they occurred was played with increased zest in this novel arena. Nor were stalls and tents wanting to supply the brisk demand of the passengers, nor hackney-coaches to give them what Sam Weller

called "a mile of danger," though at a price by no means so low as that paid by Mr. Pickwick. Bears were hunted on the ice, bulls were baited, and dogs and cocks fought for their own satisfaction and the amusement of the spectators. Nor was the opportunity lost of establishing a printing-press on the ice, a gainful speculation as it seems, for, from the lowest to the highest, all wished to have a record of their having been present at such a novel gathering. There was once such a record of Charles I. having visited the Thames in company with James, his successor, Queen Katherine, the Duchess Mary, Princess Anne, Prince George, and "Hans in Kelder," meaning a little Prince or Princess then unborn. The end of these tents and of all their contents was destruction, for the ice generally broke up suddenly, and everything upon it was carried away, crushed between the blocks of ice, or finding its way to the bottom of the river. Nor was the destruction always confined to inanimate objects: the thaw was sometimes so sudden, and the inundations occasioned by the floods were so extensive, that very many lives were lost.

There was a time when the Thames was a clean and wholesome river far below Somerset House; where London citizens, a-wearied with the toils of business, might take a boat and enjoy the plea-

sures of angling, with the chance of catching a salmon; for, as Fitz Stephen says, the Thames was once "a fishful river," and the privilege of sitting at the table of the Prior of Westminster was claimed by the fishermen in return for the tithe of salmon which they presented at the high altar of St. Peter's. It would seem that the salmon even then required protection, for it is nearly five hundred years since an Act was passed for the preservation of salmon and salmon fry. In our days it is more common to see porpoises rolling about off Somerset House—than to catch a fish of the salmon species anywhere in the river.

Those who in these days have only seen the Thames under the muddy aspect which it presents everywhere below Putney have no idea of the beautifully transparent character of its waters nearer its source, notwithstanding all the pollution to which it is subjected in its long course, of more than two hundred miles from its rise in Trewsbury mead to its estuary. In the intervals between the two hundred and seventeen cities, towns, parishes, and hamlets which line its banks, what beautiful pictures of green meadows may now be seen glowing with a rich yellow, which gives it in places, when the sun is shining upon it, the appearance of a river of crystal set in a broad frame of gold; and if a thing of beauty is

a joy for ever, the many thousands who dwell on its banks ought to be grateful for the everlasting joys it has conferred.

One cause of the neglect with which the river has been treated, at all events in that part of it which flows above the City stone near Staines Bridge, has no doubt been the multiplicity of persons whose duty it is to take care of it. "What is everybody's business is nobody's." The list of the commissioners upon whom this duty rests comprises the representatives in Parliament of Wilts, Gloucester, Bucks, Berks, Middlesex, Surrey, and Oxford University, and of the cities and boroughs in these counties. To these must be added the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London, the Vice-Chancellor and heads of colleges and halls, in the University of Oxford, the dean and canons of Christchurch and Windsor, the provost and fellows of Eton College, the rectors and incumbents of the parishes which border on the Thames and Isis on both sides from Staines to Cricklade; the mayors and recorders of Oxford, Abingdon, Wallingford, Reading, Henley, Windsor, and Maidenhead; the senior bridge-warden of Great Marlow, and the clerk of the works at Windsor Castle. As if these were not enough to ensure the utter neglect of the river, the various Acts of Parliament which conferred powers on

them gave also equal rights and duties to every person having an estate of £100 annual value in either of the counties through which it runs down to Staines; to the heir-apparent of every person in these counties who has an estate of the annual value of £200; and to every person residing in those counties who owns anywhere in Great Britain land of the yearly value of £100, or his heir-apparent to a person who owns land of twice that value, or possesses £3000 personalty, or is a bondholder upon the navigation to the amount of £500.

Excess of care has not in this instance proved particularly advantageous to the welfare of the river. The total number of persons qualified to act as its guardians under the above heads amounts to between six and seven hundred. Practically, it is left to fifteen commissioners chosen out of the five districts, three from each, whose proceedings are supposed to be controlled by general meetings of the commissioners. The powers of the Conservancy Board are more extensive, and stretch down the river as far as Yenleete, or Yantlett Creek. It is composed of the Lord Mayor, two aldermen, four members of the Common Council, the deputy master of the Trinity House, two members appointed by the Admiralty, one by the Board of

Trade, one by the Trinity House, two elected by owners of shipping, one by owners of steamers, two by owners of lighters and steam-tugs, and one by occupiers of docks.

How the commissioners deal with their trust may be gathered from the Report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the best means of preventing the pollution of rivers. They say that, owing to decay and neglect, the condition of the weirs and locks is ruinous; that the rough manner in which the navigation is worked is extremely injurious; that large areas of land are saturated with water, owing to the retention of great heads of water at the weirs, which also cause floods of great extent at Oxford, Windsor, and other places. Weeds are cut or left uncut, just as suits the interests of individuals; and if the person who causes them to be cut does not want them, he lets them float away down the stream, where they collect in places, form obstructions, and do other mischief. The dredging is carried on without any system, and parts of the channel are silted up; so that the river, which is generally said to be navigable as far up as Lechlade, really is scarcely accessible to barges above Oxford.

But this neglect of the Thames is of small importance in comparison with the injury inflicted

upon it by the vile usage to which it is subjected by the inhabitants of the places situated on its banks and on the banks of its tributaries near the points of junction. The number of these is close upon 900,000, but very many more would be added to this number if the people who live in places higher up these streams, and who equally assist in polluting it, were taken into account. The extent of this pollution is frightful, and no language we could venture to use could do more than faintly shadow forth the horrors which met the gaze of the commissioners, or were described by the witnesses who gave evidence before the commission. All these things existing, be it remembered, above the point from which the water is pumped for the supply of a large portion of the population of London, the wonder is, that, under the circumstances described, the water is so good as it is, and not that it should possess the peculiarity of becoming pure in the vessels in which it is taken to sea.

Compared with this kind of pollution, that arising from trades carried on on the banks of streams is of very small importance. Probably in the case of the Thames and its tributaries the worst is that caused by the paper-makers: for not only do they let in the filthy water which washes the rags and other substances used in the

manufacture, but they pour in the bleaching liquid, which is absolutely dangerous to health, and, which, if it were not diluted with an immense quantity of water, would render the continued existence of fish anywhere near an impossibility. This fouling of the stream has given rise already, to much litigation in certain localities, on account of the supposed destruction of the fish; and at this time, when such strenuous efforts are being made to induce salmon to return to the Thames, it is to be hoped something will be done to prevent its continuance. That the sewage matter actually injures the fish when it is first poured in, is very doubtful; but its subsequent putrefaction may give rise to gases which have that effect. As to re-stocking the river with salmon, we might manage to do without these if we could get an abundance of such Thames trout as were picked up dead by a fisherman who gave evidence before the commission; one of which was two feet four inches in length, another two feet nine, and would have weighed, if it had been whole and sound, some fifteen pounds.

We have already given an account of the constitution of the Board of Conservancy. We will now proceed to give a sketch of what has been done in recent years for the improvement

of the navigation of that portion of the river which falls within the control of the Board.

So long ago as 1836, a committee was appointed to inquire into the administration of the conservancy of the Thames. The evidence given before it induced this committee to recommend that a Bill should be prepared, under the authority of Government for consolidating, enlarging, and amending the laws and regulations affecting the port of London. The labours of the committee of 1836 were, however, in the end thrown away—at least nothing was done in pursuance of their recommendations.

Years rolled on, and another committee was appointed in 1854 to make the same inquiries. They reported that the Lord Mayor was Conservator of the Thames from Staines to Yantlet Creek—that is to say to Southend—as his predecessors had been from time immemorial; that there were two classes of powers, one affecting the Thames above London Bridge, the other below it; and that the committee of Common Council entrusted with the administration of these powers was incompetent to do its work properly. They recommended, instead of the common councilmen, a Board of Navigation, composed of the Lord Mayor, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the President of the Board of

Trade, the First Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and the Deputy Master of Trinity House. This board to appoint properly-qualified officers. and pay them out of the funds arising from tonnage-rates and interest on stock, which two years previously had amounted to £19,476, but which in 1854, owing to the decreased duties levied on shipping, was considered insufficient for the purpose. At the time of this inquiry litigation was going on between the Crown and the Corporation with respect to the ownership of the bed of the river between high and low water-mark. This litigation had been raging since 1844, and in 1854 the Crown offered to abandon its claim on condition that the money derived from the sale of this land, or for allowing erections upon it, should be expended in the improvement of the navigation. A compromise was effected, by which the Corporation bound itself to keep an account of rents and purchase-money, to pay one-third to the Crown, and to expend the rest on navigation purposes. This compromise was effected shortly after the committee had made its report, and the arrangement was confirmed by an Act of Parliament passed in 1857, which modelled the Conservancy Board as it exists at present, less the representatives of the shipping interest, who have been added

subsequently, and in this Board are vested the whole of the funds. It likewise gave the Board full powers to deal with the Thames and manage the traffic as it thought fit, except that the consent of the Admiralty was to be obtained for erections below high-water mark, and the Crown reserved its right to the bed of the Thames in front of its own lands. When the receipts exceeded the expenditure, the surplus was to be applied, first, in payment of debts ; secondly, in reduction of tolls ; and in the highly improbable, if not impossible, event of a surplus remaining after this, it was to be disposed of by Parliament.

The powers conferred by the Act sound very complete, but they are in reality curtailed to an extent which nobody seems able to estimate by saving clauses, which guarantee the rights of a host of boards, companies, and private individuals.

The Conservancy Board appears to be wholly irresponsible. But judging from the evidence, the Board of Conservancy does its work in a way which leaves little ground for complaint, and we see no reason to believe that its yearly income could be expended more beneficially than at present. This opinion is confirmed by the report of a committee, based on that evidence, which states, " The Board have, in the course of five years, entirely removed or

greatly diminished all the shoals between London Bridge and Barking Creek, which narrowed the water-way and obstructed the navigation of the river; they have laid down in well-chosen stations, secure and commodious moorings for vessels riding in the stream, which has greatly facilitated its immense and complicated traffic; they have done something towards the rectification of the channel; they have, as far as possible, protected the river from the practices of those who would make its bed the receptacle of mud and rubbish, and who poisoned its water with impurities. Finally, out of the capital fund at their disposal they have erected, at various points on the river banks, improved piers and landing-places, which have not only afforded great accommodation to the thousands of passengers who daily crowd the highway of the Thames, but have opened to the lighters and small craft plying on the river an inshore passage, obstructed or blocked up by the former landing-places." For all of these services the committee is of opinion that the Board deserves the thanks of all who are interested in the Thames.

This committee, though it pronounced the complaints against the Conservancy Board on the whole to be ill-founded, nevertheless thought that some changes would be beneficial.

The Bill under discussion in Parliament proposes to place the control of the upper part of the river in the hands of the same body which governs the lower, so that the Conservancy Acts, instead of being operative only as far up as Staines, will extend to its source. The weirs and locks established from time to time by private persons will no longer be suffered to remain in their hands; and the pollution of the river will, as far as possible, be prevented by the prohibition of the construction of any more sewers with outlets into the Thames, or within three miles of the mouth of either of its tributaries. In the case of existing sewers, the Conservancy Board will have power to stop them under certain conditions.

All these regulations for the better working and management of the traffic on the Thames are good in their way; but if the improvement of the river by embankments and so forth is to be accompanied with a serious diminution of its volume, that will be a much more important matter. The river is fed by tributaries which, singularly enough, are equal in number on the north and south banks—seven on either side—and which contribute to supply the metropolis, and eight others, which flow in below the pumping stations of the water companies; and it is to be hoped that, when the Board get the power into their

19 hands, they will speedily make the river navigable much higher up than at present, and, at the same time, purify and increase the volume of its water.

One word, in conclusion, respecting the people who spend their working days and nights on the Thames. These are as different from each other as the flags which fly from the almost innumerable vessels that lie in the docks and the Pool. Apart from the honest population, who earn their living by the hardest work, there are thousands who live either entirely or partly by work which is not open and above-board. Various names are applied to the different classes of operators, but it would be difficult to draw a sharp line between their operations. The man who lets his boat drift alongside a vessel to receive the plunder of a confederate on board would be as ready, if the opportunity offered, to steal the anchor, or creep on board and carry off the captain's chronometer; and the same man who drags diligently for hours for a dropped chain is often the same who prowls up and down among the shipping in search after dead bodies, or creeps along shore in the forbidden operation of "boning and crumping," the meaning of which is understood by members of the Board of Works and Thames Conservators to be, in plain English, "picking and stealing."

LONDON FROM FITZSTEPHEN'S POINT OF VIEW.

THE most casual observer cannot fail to be struck at times, as he wanders through our great Metropolis, with the thought how, year by year, the face of London is gradually becoming changed. It is true that we have not now any Protector Somerset to demolish churches, or to threaten us with the destruction of the Abbey, nor are we likely to have any great relic of old London wilfully swept away. Still, what are called the "exigencies of civilisation," are slowly yet surely overlaying, and in a measure hiding much of what is left to remind us of what London has been. Indeed many changes are going on which might lead to an over-zealous and unpractical antiquary to doubt whether "civilisation" is quite the proper term by which to characterise

the process. But whether the Old World prejudices of antiquaries are to be considered or not, there are not wanting in Thames Embankments, and railways overhead and underfoot, indications of a change appreciable by the most unprejudiced utilitarian.

It is interesting to watch the development of any great town, but most interesting of all to Englishmen must it be to look back upon pictures of what their leviathan capital was in days gone by. We therefore propose to set before our readers such a picture of London in the reign of Henry II., as given us by a learned writer of the time. Our author is William Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, and a biographer of Archbishop Thomas à Becket, and who, according to his own account, was the Archbishop's sub-deacon, and held other offices about his person. And here we feel sure that it is not necessary for us to urge upon our readers the caution which Strype, writing about A.D. 1720, thought fit to impress upon the readers of his day, viz.: "That no modern ears may be offended with this language, remember by whom it was writ, a monk, the Pope's sworn creature; and when, namely, about five hundred years ago, in the very depth of Popery." It would puzzle the most ingenious to discover any point in which the author's allegi-

ance to the Pope can detract from the value of his description. We should rather be tempted to retort upon Strype his own words, and to beg our readers to "remember" *when* "it was writ." Our author's sketch bears upon its face the stamp of authenticity, which indeed seems scarcely to be disputed; it is written in the quaintest Latin, and is full of most amusing touches and details which will well repay perusal.

Our monk, who is well versed in his classics, has in his mind, in his description of the City, the model of Plato and of Sallust; and as the latter gives a sketch of Africa in his account of the Roman Wars there, so in the life of St. Thomas there would be a description of London, where the Saint was born. In proof of the high antiquity of London—which is said to boast a greater age than Rome itself—appeal is made to the Chroniclers. By the "Chroniclers," Geoffrey of Monmouth seems especially to be meant, who derives the foundation of the City from Brute the son of Æneas, who is said to have called it Trinovantum or New Troy. Some remnant of this tradition is supposed to remain even to this day in our "troy-weight," which was a weight of great antiquity in London. Cæsar also always speaks of the City and its district as "Civitas Trinovantum," and it is not until the time of

Tacitus that we hear of the name Londinium. From this fanciful derivation of the Cities of London and Rome from a common Eastern stock, is deduced a most curious and amusing analogy between their institutions. The annually elected Sheriffs of the one answer to the Consuls of the other; both have a Senatorial order and lesser magistrates; both have aqueducts and sewers; in both are separate courts for the different kinds of causes, and stated days for public assemblies.

It would not, of course, require much penetration to upset such analogies as these, which are as mythical as the theory on which they are built, though they certainly deserve the praise of great ingenuity. Our credulity, however, is not taxed to such an extent, whatever we may think of the London of to-day, when we are called upon to acquiesce in the praise which our author thought London deserved before all other cities for its good laws, its religious observances, its jovial hospitality.

“The only pests of London,” it is said, “are the immoderate drinking of fools, and frequent fires.” It is to be feared that our daily police reports forbid us to boast in these days much improvement in the former of these points; and as to the latter, though considering the enormous growth of London, the average may be thought

to have improved, yet the experience of late years still leaves much to be desired. A suspicion would force itself upon us, as perhaps it may have occurred to the Monk of Canterbury, that there is a more intimate relation between these two "pests" than that of mere juxtaposition.

Fitzstephen singles out several points in which he thought the London of his day specially deserving of commendation. Such were the salubrity of its air, its diligent cultivation of the Christian religion, the great strength of the fortifications, the natural situation of the town, the Sabine morality of its matrons, and the jovial character of its sports. We are favoured with some interesting particulars which seem to warrant this commendation.

On the point of ecclesiastical dignity, we are informed that London may vie with Canterbury. This question we know was practically raised by Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, the great antagonist of Thomas à Becket. Fitzstephen does not attempt to solve the difficulty; but, allowing that London was formerly the Metropolitan See, and may perhaps become so again, he is inclined to believe that the glory shed by St. Thomas's martyrdom over Canterbury should give the latter, for the present at least, the pre-eminence. Yet in compensation, as it were, for

this depreciation, he allows that something may be urged on the side of London, as being the birth-place of the martyr. We learn that in London and its suburbs there were in Fitzstephen's time thirteen greater conventual churches, and one hundred and twenty-six parish churches.

Of the former, the chief would seem to have been St. Paul's, the origin of which was by the old chroniclers carried back to a very remote period, and which was said to have been built on the site of the old temple of Diana; St. Mary Overye (over the *rie* or water) in Southwark, St. Martin's-le-Grand, the Priory of Holy Trinity within Aldgate, St. Bartholomew's Priory, and St. Peter's at Westminster. Attached to three of the principal churches there were celebrated schools. It is a matter of doubt which should be selected as the three chief schools at this time, since by the piety of their founders most of the greater churches had endowments for schools. But the balance of testimony inclines to yield the palm to the schools of St. Paul, St. Mary Overye, and St. Peter at Westminster. The attainments of the pupils of these schools were of no mean order; and we are not sure that London schoolmasters of the present age could afford more creditable or entertaining programmes

for "Speech days" than we have here presented to us by our author.

On festival-days the scholars had dialectic contests, in which the more straightforward disputants, whose object was the attainment of truth, fought with the legitimate weapons of syllogism and enthymeme, while the more subtle geniuses used the side-blows of paralogism and "verbal inundation." These exhibitions, we may believe, were confined to the older scholars, who would more resemble the undergraduates of our universities at the present day. But the younger pupils were not without their trials of strength, for we learn that the boys of the different schools had sets-to "with verses on the rudiments of grammar, or the rules of preterites and supines." But lest the spectators should fancy these feats, however improving, to be somewhat dull, a more lively entertainment was provided to follow. Logical subtleties and grammatical puzzles were discarded, and a Fescennine licence prevailed. Under fictitious names the foibles of their fellow-pupils and even of the authorities were lashed with Socratic wit, and invectives of a fiercer kind, taking vent in "bold dithyrambics." Perhaps in the annual hits in the epilogue to the play at Westminster School we have a remnant of this old playful satire. We may feel assured that

“sound learning” was not less promoted by these exercises than by the modern recitation *ad nauseam* of stock passages of Byron or Sheridan.

The fortifications of London were such as to excite the admiration of all. Chief of these was the Tower, the foundation of which is said to be of a marvellous depth, and its walls cemented with mortar tempered with the blood of animals. On the western side of the city also were two towers of exceeding strength, while at intervals along the walls were turrets and fortified gates. Our author tells us that originally—probably in the Saxon times—there was also a southern wall running along the northern bank of the Thames, which, with a pang of regret, we hear was then full of fish; but the influx and reflux of the tide had gradually washed away the foundations, so that in his time there were no traces of the wall remaining. Stow, in his “Survey of London,” made in Henry VIII.’s time, says that the walls of London, according to Fitzstephen, must have been in the shape of a strung bow, the wall along the river bank representing the string. In these walls we learn there were seven double gates, in which number, besides the four original gates—Aldgate, Aldersgate, Ludgate, and Bridge Gate—were probably included a gate by the Tower, Bishopsgate, and Cripplegate. The royal palace

was also a building of great strength. It was situated on the river two miles west of the City, though connected with it by a populous suburb extending the whole way. This was, of course, the Palace of Westminster, where, as we learn from Ingulphus, Edward the Confessor held his court, and entertained the high and mighty William, Duke of Normandy, when on a visit to England. Here, too, the Norman kings seem to have occasionally dwelt when they could be enticed from Winchester and the pleasures of the chase. For Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris tell us that William Rufus built the great Hall in 1097, and that on one occasion, on returning from Normandy, he kept his feast of Whitsuntide right royally in it, and that when he heard his guests admiring its grandeur, he boastfully exclaimed: "This hall is not big enough by half, and is but a bed-chamber in comparison of that which I mean to make." Notwithstanding William II.'s boast, the palace seems soon after this to have been allowed to fall into decay, for early in the reign of Henry II., Fitzstephen tells us that the Chancellor Becket found it almost a ruin, and repaired it in an incredibly short time—between Easter and Whitsuntide. With an amusing detail, which reminds us that carpenters and bricklayers are the same in all ages, we are

also told that the clatter which the workmen made was so great that people who came near could not hear each other speak.

The salubrity of the air of London, we are told, was most remarkable, insomuch as to have a perceptible effect in producing kindness and liberality in the inhabitants—an effect which may probably have evaporated after so many centuries. Dwellers in our overgrown London of to-day are mocked with glowing accounts of citizens' gardens in the suburbs, *spatiosi* as well as *speciosi*. To the north were green fields and pastures, and a broad expanse of meadows, intersected with numerous running brooks. And, what is more, a little beyond there—about what is now Islington, Pentonville, and Kentish Town—stretched a vast forest, the lurking-place of deer, boars, and wild cattle. Among the chief natural features of these pleasant places towards the north were the many springs or fountains of “sweet, wholesome, and clear water, trickling over glistening pebbles.” To these, in summer-time, resorted merry pic-nic parties of old and young. The principal springs seem to have been the Fons Sacer, Clerken-well, and St. Clement's-well, or Holy-well. To the first of these a strange fatality seems to have attached, for even in Henry VIII.'s time we read, “it was much decayed and spoiled with filthiness

purposely laid there." St. Clement's-well, on the contrary, says Stow, "is yet fair and curbed square with hard stone, and is always kept clean for common use. It is always full, and never wanteth water." It is the water of this well, in all probability, that still feeds the Roman bath in the Strand. Clerkenwell was near the west end of Clerkenwell Church, to which it gave its name. It derived its appellation from the custom of the clerks or clergy of London assembling there annually and acting plays, the subjects of which were scenes from Holy Scripture, or the miracles and martyrdom of saints. This custom continued down to later times; for we find that, in 1390, the clerks acted plays, which lasted three days, in the presence of Richard II. and his queen and nobles; and in 1409 they represented a play on the Creation of the World, which lasted eight days, and at which most of the nobles and gentry of the kingdom were present.

But to return to Fitzstephen. The population of the City in the reign of Henry II. may be reckoned, according to our author, at about 350,000. For, in the wars of Stephen, we are told that, at the King's command, the citizens mustered 20,000 horse and 60,000 foot. All these are said to have been soldiers of the highest efficiency, and consequently made London a great power in the

State, as indeed it was shown to be when it almost held in its own hands the balance between Stephen and Matilda. The consciousness of their corporate importance seems to have been reflected in the persons of individual citizens, for we are told that the citizens of London were remarkable above all others for the polish of their manners and the richness of their dress. It would seem, too, that civic magnificence, even in those days, vented itself in sumptuous dishes, which might fairly vie with the turtle and venison of to-day. For not only did rich profusion reign in private houses, but epicurean appetites were catered for on a grander scale at a magnificent restaurant on the river-bank. Here were to be had every variety of fish, flesh, and fowl, roast, fried, and boiled; here, for more refined appetites, were all the Horatian delicacies of sturgeon, "Afra avis," and "attagen Ionicus," and many besides. Most convenient must such an establishment have been, and a boon to be highly prized by housewives, for to it were the citizens accustomed to send to supply any want in their housekeeping on the sudden arrival of guests. Perhaps, too, we shall have no difficulty in subscribing to our author's quaint remark, that this establishment tended to the progress of civilization, such civilization as—according to Plato—

brings the doctor close upon the heels of the cook.

The national love for out-door sports was in full vigour under the first Plantagenet, and is thought by our author worthy of special notice; "for," as he says, "it is not right that a city should be addicted only to useful and grave pursuits, but it should be also pleasant and jovial;" and he supports this opinion by the customs of old Rome, where the public games were held to be a state duty as important as any other. Let us follow in his steps and glance at the sports of the boys first, "for we were all boys once." And here, we are sorry to say that one of the chief sports of the schoolboy of Henry II.'s reign, can in no wise be approved, for we learn that cock-fighting was a common practice; each boy brought his own bird for the fray, and, what was worst of all, this was done with the sanction of the masters. But we are glad to find that they had more rational sports than these. At certain times the whole youth of the city betook themselves to the suburban fields, where they had animated contests at ball, school being pitted against school, and craft against craft. These contests were so attractive as to bring the elder citizens on horseback to witness them. On the Sundays in Lent there were sham fights on horseback, in which

the sons of the greatest nobles in the land took part ; and during the Easter holidays there were representations of naval engagements on the river. Throughout the summer there were various games of running, leaping, wrestling, shooting with the bow, or slinging stones. The girls, too, with Arcadian simplicity, enjoyed themselves in the moonlit evenings with dancing, in the open air, to the music of the harp. In winter, skating was a favourite sport of young and old. It is curious to observe that this skating took place "on that great lake which washes the northern walls of the city." This was what is now Moorfields, concerning which Strype tells us that "this Morefield was, in ancient writings, called Magna Mora, because of the great extent of the more, or mere. To which also belonged a fishery for the use of the city ; both, from ancient times, in the possession of the city." And another continuator of Stow says that, "formerly these fields were impassable, but for causeways purposely made for that intent. Now, the walks are no mean cause of preserving health and wholesome air to the city ; and such an eternal honour thereto as no iniquity of time shall be able to deface." Alas, for his prediction ! What shall we say of it now ? "Moorfields are fields no more." The marshes were first built upon towards the end of Charles II.'s

reign. The swampy character of the ground is still indicated in the names of Finsbury (*Fensbury*) and Moorfields.

But we are forgetting our sports. Having gone through the catalogue of boyish amusements, we come now to those of the elders. And here, as in the case of the boys, our modern notions are shocked by exhibitions of barbarity which seem to have grown with the ages of those who indulged in them. Instead of cock-fighting, we are now introduced to baiting of bulls and bears, and the bloody conflicts of boars, with which the citizens used to enliven their winter holidays. We hear of other sports which, by common consent, are considered more fit for gentlemen. Such were hunting, hawking, and falconry, in which A'Becket, in his more worldly days, was a great adept. The huntsmen must have had a splendid time, for the citizens had the right of hunting over Middlesex, Hertfordshire, and part of the adjacent counties, the woods of which were peopled with stags and wild boars, to say nothing of an abundance of smaller game. Of these privileges we may well believe our bold citizens, not yet entirely engrossed with the pursuit of wealth, amply availed themselves.

There was yet another source of amusement which seems to have been eagerly looked forward

to both by old and young. This was the great fair, principally for horses, held at stated intervals outside the city walls, on a plain which, as we are told, was smooth *re et nomine*. In this we recognise the fair of Smithfield (*Smoothfield*), known in later times as St. Bartholomew's Fair. Here were to be purchased horses of all descriptions, from the knightly charger to the humble sumpter-horse. We have, in our author, a very animated description of the process of trying the paces of these animals, in which the "vulgar horses" had to stand aside and give place to the nobler steeds, when the latter were required to exhibit their powers. Here might be seen the various devices of that crafty animal, the horse-dealer, to ensnare his deluded customers. Here everything is life and bustle. The horses themselves are infected by the excitement of their masters, and cannot rest, but prick up their ears, eager for the excitement of the race. So full of motion is all around that a philosopher might dream that here at length Heraclitus' "perpetual flux" was destined to be realised.

Such were the jocund sports in which, while London was still young, her citizens engaged. In these more practical days, the grave amusement of volunteering bids fair to supplant almost all of them; and cricket itself, a serious business,

to be left almost the sole representative of our old out-door games.

Here we must take leave of our author. On a calm review of this and other like pictures of mediæval life, the reflection forces itself upon us, how great a change has come over, not only the face of our great towns, but the very habits of our people, since the days when our land was "merrie England." The grave responsibilities of our increased wealth and influence have had a corresponding effect upon our spirits. Moreover, the earnest, eager faces which throng our streets would seem to indicate that our very countenances have undergone a change. For we cannot imagine such faces to have belonged to the reckless pleasure-seekers of old, a good share of whose time was spent in jollity and amusement. Of course, there is no ground for surprise, and perhaps very little for regret, in this. The spread of education has in great measure substituted intellectual for physical amusements; and in striking the balance between a dyspeptic body and an unfurnished mind, every man will follow his own personal predilections. There can be no question as to their respective influences on the welfare of mankind, so long as, though rude health may be the attendant of the one, sovereign knowledge is the reward of the other.

A STROLL ROUND HAMPSTEAD AND HIGHGATE.

(1871.)

IN spite of the efforts of the Wilson family, as Lords of the Manor, to enclose it, Hampstead Heath still remains essentially the "people's' heath, thanks to the generous spirit of the inhabitants of our "Middlesex Oberland," and the efforts of Mr. Le Breton, by whose strenuous exertions that lovely spot has been spared from sharing the fate of some of the other open spaces round London, which, having for many years been the healthy resort of the working classes, are now being rapidly and cruelly encroached upon for building purposes.

Anyone at all familiar with the Metropolis is probably acquainted with the situation of Hampstead Heath, occupying, as it does, one of what

Mr. W. Howitt so well calls the "Northern Heights of London," and to whose very interesting book bearing this title we are largely indebted for the information contained in this paper

There are two routes by which the Londoner may make the journey to this suburban retreat, the one by way of Tottenham Court Road and Haverstock Hill, the other by the Metropolitan (or Underground) Railway to Swiss Cottage Station. The former road passed the wooden cottage once tenanted by Sir Richard Steele, whose name it bore, but recently pulled down, and where Steele was visited by Addison and other familiar friends. The latter route, from the Swiss Cottage, lay till even a more recent date over the pleasant upland meadows so much admired by Leigh Hunt, having on the right old Belsize, formerly celebrated for its holy fountain of never-failing clear water, concerning the merits of which the monks of Westminster had many a pleasant tale to tell some three centuries and a half ago. It is a mile's walk from either Haverstock Hill or the Swiss Cottage to the parish churchyard of Hampstead; but the fatigue of accomplishing it on a clear day will be well repaid by the splendid view to be obtained from this spot, which comprises the Crystal Palace and the Surrey Hills as far as Epsom. The present church of Hampstead—a

modern unsightly edifice—was built, in 1747, in place of the old parish church, of which a view may be seen in Park's "History of Hampstead."

Another five minutes' walk will take the visitor, by any one of a dozen devious paths, up a second ascent to the Heath, where he will have reached an altitude equivalent to the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, or some four hundred feet above the level valley of the Thames. Here the panorama includes, on the one side, an expansive survey of the Metropolis, with the huge dome of St. Paul's looming out above a dense cloud-vest of smoke; the Knockholt Beeches, near Sevenoaks; Brentwood Hill and the Laindon Hills, in Essex; the Grand Stand at Epsom and Richmond Hill, in Surrey; the steeple of Hainslop Church, in Northamptonshire; and the regal towers of Windsor; the most distant object visible, however, is said to be a church just on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire; and at our feet the undulating plain, rich and verdant, stretches away over Willesden and Hendon to Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Well may the Londoner be proud, and justly so, of these "Northern heights;" and a song, very popular a year or two ago, enunciated an undoubted truth when it said that, of all the suburbs of this great Metropolis,—

“Hampstead's the place to ruralize.”

The loveliness of the scenery of Hampstead Heath, the beauty of its view, the freshness and salubrity of its air, drew thousands to its breezy brow long before London could count its population by millions. Its green hollows, its shady lanes, its gorse and heather, its sandpits and weird pine-trees, its long avenues of limes and beeches, its fishless ponds and rugged turf, have for ages been visited and admired. It is a spot sacred to popular pastime and popular taste for the beautiful—a spot that has been virtually the people's for generations past, and which is now happily secured to the people for all generations to come.

The entrance to the Heath, by way of Hampstead Church, is through a pleasant avenue of shady limes, where may be noticed a rustic seat in what is still called Judges' Walk, or King's Bench Avenue. It is said that, during the time when the plague was raging in London, the Courts of Law were temporarily transferred hither from Westminster, and that “the Heath was tenanted by wig and toga-bearing gentlemen, who were forced to sleep under canvas, owing to the want of accommodation in the village of Hampstead. Prior to the year 1701, when that honour was transferred to Brentford, as a more

central spot, the elections of knights of the shire for Middlesex were held on Hampstead Heath; and in the western part of the Heath, behind Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead races were held in the last century. These races, as we learn from various sources, drew together so much low company that they were put down on account of the mischief that resulted from them. The very existence of a race-course on Hampstead Heath seems now entirely forgotten, and the uneven character of the ground, which has been excavated for gravel and sand, is such as would render a visitor almost disposed to doubt whether such could ever have been the case. The breezy slopes of Hampstead Heath are far better suited for the purposes of a military review, and a prettier sight cannot easily be imagined than a sham fight here on a Volunteer field day.

At the farther end of the Heath, adjoining Lord Mansfield's property of Caen Wood, and overlooking Hendon and Finchley, stands a well-known inn, called The Spaniards, from the fact of its having been once inhabited by a family connected with the Spanish Embassy; it has been a place of entertainment for a century, or even more. Leaving the open Heath, and the unceasing touting of the donkey-drivers, and passing back townwards in a southern direction,

by a broad road, which seems to have been artificially raised along the ridge of the hill, we arrive at Jack Straw's Castle, where we get a fine view of St. Paul's, with the whole of the eastern part of the metropolis spread out at our feet, and the valley of the Thames stretching away in the hazy distance, as far as Gravesend. The private residence which we pass on the left, on quitting the Heath, is the well-known Upper Flask, formerly the place of meeting in the summer months for the members of the Kit-Kat Club, and noted by Richardson in his novel of "Clarissa Harlowe," as the place to which the fashionable villain, Lovelace, under the promise of marriage, lured away the heroine from her tyrannical family. George Steevens, the celebrated commentator of Shakespeare, lived and died at the Upper Flask.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, owing to the discovery of a chalybeate spring, Hampstead had gained the reputation of a "watering place," and was fast rivalling the glories of Epsom and Tunbridge Wells; but even prior to this it had grown gradually into a place of fashionable resort, on account of its healthy and invigorating air. As early as 1698, "The Wells" were spoken of by that name; and two or three years afterwards the virtues of the "chaly-

beate waters of Hampstead" were loudly trumpeted by a physician of eminence and local celebrity, Dr. Gibbons, as well as by one Dr. John Soame; they were also duly advertised in the *Post-boy* of the period. The "quality" flocked to "Well Walk" to drink the waters, to flirt, and to gamble; and, according to Howitt, even dice and cards were not the worst or most objectionable of the dissipations there offered to the youth of both sexes, for "houses of amusement and dissipation now started up on all sides, and the public papers teemed with advertisements of concerts at the 'Long-room,' raffles at the 'Wells,' races on the Heath, and 'private marriages at Sion Chapel.'" The character of Hampstead and its fashionable adjunct, Belsize, however, may be even more accurately gathered from Baker's comedy, entitled "Hampstead Heath," brought out at Drury Lane Theatre about the period of which we have just spoken, as the following passage will show:—

"Act I. Scene 1.—HAMPSTEAD.

"*Smart.* Hampstead for awhile assumes the day. The lively season o' the year; the shining crowd assembled at this time, and the noble selection of the place, gives us the nearest show of *Paradise*.

"*Bloom.* London now indeed has but a melancholy aspect, and a sweet rural spot seems an adjournment o' the nation, where business is laid fast asleep, variety of diversions feast

our fickle fancies, and every man wears a face of pleasure. The cards fly, the bowls run, the dice rattle; some lose their money with ease and negligence, and others are well pleased to pocket it. But what fine ladies does the place afford?

"*Smart.* Assemblies so near the town give us a sample of each degree. We have city ladies that are over dressed and no air; court ladies that are all air and no dress; and country dames with broad brown faces like a Stepney bun; besides an endless number of Fleet Street sempstresses, that dance minuets in their furbeloe scarfs, and their clothes hang as loose about them as their reputation.

* * * * *

"[*Enter Driver.*]"

"*Smart.* Mr. Deputy Driver, stock-jobber, state-botcher, the terror of strolling women, and chief beggar-hunter, come to visit Hampstead!

"*Driver.* And d'you think me so very shallow, Captain, to leave the good of the nation, and getting money, to muddle it away here 'mongst fops, fiddlers, and furbeloes, where everything's as dear as freeholder's votes, and a greater imposition than a Dutch reckoning. I am come hither, but 'tis to ferret out a frisking wife o' mine, one o' the giddy multitude that's rambled up to this ridiculous assembly.

"*Bloom.* I hope, Mr. Deputy, you will find her in good hands: coquetting at the Wells with some Covent Garden beau; or retired to picquet with some brisk young Templar."

The Wells continued to be more or less a place of resort for invalids, real and imaginary, down to the early part of the present century; but the visit of George III. and the Court to Cheltenham set the tide of fashion in a different direction. The chalybeate waters of Hampstead soon after

lost their medicinal reputation, and now merely serve to supply a public drinking fountain in what still bears, as though in mockery, the name of "Well Walk."

But we must now pass across the fields by way of the "Ponds," and, skirting Caen Wood, to Highgate, which almost adjoins Hampstead on its eastern side. Around this spot, as around Hampstead, there are many houses which have an historic interest. Such are Caen Wood, the noble residence of Lord Mansfield, whither Guy Faux's comrades are said to have retreated upon the failure of their attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament; Cromwell House, once the home of Ireton; Andrew Marvel's house, which once belonged to the rapacious Earl of Lauderdale; and Arundel House, once the suburban residence of the Earls of Arundel, and afterwards of the noble family of Cornwallis. The walls and timbers of each of these houses are redolent of the history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and associated with names which will never die out of history, such as Arabella Stuart, Lord Bacon, and poor Nell Gwynne. In the Grove at Highgate is still pointed out the house where Samuel Taylor Coleridge resided and died, and long will the pleasant walks round Highgate be connected with his memory.

The story of Dick Whittington, "thrice Lord Mayor of London," is known to every one, but his connection with Highgate will be a sufficient excuse for quoting from Mr. Howitt's work, by way of conclusion, the following paragraph relating to "Whittington Stone:"—

"Descending the hill from Lauderdale House towards Holloway, and not far before we come to the 'Archway Tavern,' we arrive at a massive stone, standing on the edge of the footpath, which seems to give reality to the tales of our nurseries. It bears this inscription:—

WHITTINGTON STONE.

Sir Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.				
1397	.	.	.	Richard II.
1409	.	.	.	Henry IV.
1419	.	.	.	Henry V.

If this stone speaks the truth, Dick Whittington was a real man of flesh and blood, flourishing in an historic period, and not the creation of some old story-teller who delighted to amuse children. Here he really sat and listened to 'Bow Bells,' which rang him back to be 'thrice Lord Mayor of London.' Whatever of fable has wreathed itself like ivy round this old story, there was a *bonâ fide* substantial tree for it to twine round. Here Dick sat on a stone (which appears to have been the base of an ancient cross) and listened to that

agreeable recall. The stone, we are told, is not the actual one on which Dick sat. That had been thrown down and broken to pieces in an age which ignored the worship of relics, and its fragments were removed years ago, and placed as kerb-stones against the posts at the corner of Queen's Head Lane. But this stone was erected on or near the spot as a proper memorial of the fact that the hero of this story—no longer plain Dick, but Sir Richard Whittington—loved to ride out in this direction, and to dismount, in order to walk up the hill, at this stone, and by it to remount his horse again—a very characteristic trait of Whittington's humanity."

MACAULAY THE LONDONER.

(1876.)

IT may sound strange to our readers' eyes and ears, but still it is an undoubted fact that, although he came of Scottish, and indeed Highland extraction and parentage, and though, as a matter of fact, he was born in a quiet Leicestershire manor house, yet in heart and soul Thomas Babington Macaulay was a "Londoner of the Londoners." We do not mean to say that he had a small and scanty stock of sympathies with the country, fine scenery, foreign lands, and scenes of travel; for the truth is that for all that is divine and Godlike, or historically great and grand, he had a most appreciative eye and heart; but still he was eminently cut out for the life of a Londoner, a denizen of the Metropolis; fitted to shine in society, and beloved and admired in London circles; and he devoutly believed with

Dr. Johnson that "the full tide of human life and interest" is to be seen nowhere so truly as in the great thoroughfares of London. The Doctor fixed its centre in the Strand, as is known to every reader of Boswell. Macaulay would have fixed it in Pall Mall or St. James's Street, the clubs of the nineteenth century having migrated from the neighbourhood of Temple Bar to that of old Carlton House.

But over and above being a Londoner in sentiment, Macaulay was very largely a Londoner by actual residence. It was in Lambeth, then comparatively a thinly peopled and not a vulgar suburb, that his parents, Zachary Macaulay and his wife Selina Mills, took up their abode on their marriage; and there it was doubtless their intention that their first-born child should have been born, only he came rather suddenly into the world while his mother was on a visit at Rothley Temple, Mr. Babington's seat in Leicestershire, from which in after-life he took the title that opened to him the doors of the House of Lords, and so made the philanthropist's son and the Scottish minister's grandson the "peer" of the bluest blood in all the land.

Little Tommy Macaulay was scarcely out of arms when his parents were forced to migrate from the fresh air of suburban Lambeth into

Birchin Lane, Zachary Macaulay having been appointed secretary of a company for the improvement of the condition of the slaves in Western Africa, and for the development of the British settlements on that coast.

In Birchin Lane he spent two years. "The only place," writes his nephew and biographer, Mr. Trevelyan, "where the child could be taken for exercise and for what might be called air, was the garden attached to Drapers' Hall, which, already under sentence to be covered with bricks and mortar at an early date, lies behind Throgmorton Street and within a hundred yards of the Stock Exchange. To this dismal yard, containing as much gravel as grass, and frowned upon by a board of rules and regulations almost as large as itself, his mother used to convey the nurse and her little boy through the crowds that towards noon swarmed along Cornhill and Threadneedle Street; and thither she would return after a due interval to escort them back to Birchin Lane." Nor did Macaulay in later life forget the spot; on the contrary, "so strong was the power of association upon his mind that in after-years the Drapers' garden was among his favourite haunts. Indeed, his habit of roaming for hours through and through the heart of the City (a habit that never left him as long as he

could roam at all) was due in part to the recollection which caused him to regard that region as almost native ground."

His reminiscences of this abode as he grew up, if they were few, were at all events vivid and melancholy, perhaps even morbid, as will appear to such of our readers as will refer to the earlier part of his "Life" lately published.

The change from Birchin Lane to Clapham Common, which was the home of his boyhood, must have been delightful to his sensitive and poetic nature. Mr. Trevelyan identifies the house as facing the Common, a few doors beyond the "Plough Inn," in the part now called "The Pavement;" and he describes it as a roomy dwelling with a garden behind it; and adds that it is now inhabited by a Mr. Heywood. But the garden, though it would have been a God-send before, was of less consequence to him now, for he had the free range of the open Common, with its sand and gravel pits, its wilderness of wild gorse and furze-bushes, its poplar groves, and its ponds, both large and small. This became, if not an enchanted ground to little Tommy Macaulay, at all events, "a region of inexhaustible romance and mystery." In it he was supremely happy. "He explored its recesses; he composed and almost believed its legends, and he invented for

its different features a nomenclature which has been faithfully preserved by two generations of children. A slight ridge, intersected by deep ditches towards the west of the Common, the very existence of which no one above eight years of age would recognise, was dignified with the title of the Alps; while the elevated island, covered with shrubs, that gives a name to the Mount-pond, was regarded by him with infinite awe, as being the nearest approach within the circuit of his observation to a conception of the majesty of Sinai."

Being a quick and clever child, he had almost taught himself to read at so early an age as almost passes the bounds of belief. For the same reason, it does not appear that his mother thought it wise to give him many lessons as a child. But when he grew strong and healthy, thriving on the pure air of the breezy Common, it was necessary, or at least desirable, to procure for him some regular instruction, and so he went by day to a Yorkshireman with a turn for science, who had been brought to Clapham to teach a few African youths who had been sent over from Sierra Leone to be civilized.

As he grew up, young Macaulay found himself brought into contact, at the house of his father's neighbour and friend, Lord Teignmouth, with the

Wilberforces, Stephens, Thorntons, and other leaders of the Evangelical party, both Churchmen and Nonconformists, who are generally known as the "Clapham Sect." From their conversation the quick boy learnt at an early age to interest himself in the "religious politics" of the day; and to the end of his life he showed proofs of the great influence which these well-known persons had exercised over him as a child. His intimate acquaintance with the text of the Holy Scriptures and with the details of modern religious controversies, no doubt, may be dated from the time of his residence at Clapham. Whilst here, he showed another proof of his bent for the work of his after-life, by commencing to write a "Compendium of Universal History," in which "he really contrived to give a tolerably connected view of the leading events, from the Creation to the present time." He also wrote a paper, which a young friend had agreed to translate into Malabar, "in order to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion." To these must be added the first three cantos of a poem, "The Battle of Cheviot," and the plot and plan, at least, of an heroic poem to be called "Olaus the Great; or the Conquest of Mona," and two out of twelve books of a still more ambitious Epic, entitled "Fingal." Pretty

well this, for a boy who had not yet completed his twelfth year.

At this date it was in the contemplation of his parents to send him as a day-scholar to Westminster School; but public schools were not much to the taste of the "Clapham Sect," and, accordingly, he was entrusted to the care of an Evangelical clergyman, at first near Cambridge, and afterwards in Hertfordshire, with whom he remained until ready to be entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. His university career was brilliant, in classics at least, and though he made no figure in the mathematical tripos, he had the satisfaction of being elected a Fellow of Trinity, an honour which he prized most highly through life.

We need not follow him through his course at Cambridge, nor during his first few years at the Bar, for though he "went circuit," he never picked up more than one stray guinea as a fee, and he might have been a mere briefless barrister, if it had not been for Lord Lansdowne, who, taking notice of his strong Whig opinions and his power of enforcing them in articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, offered, in 1830, to bring him into Parliament as M.P. for Calne. Up to this time he nominally occupied chambers in Gray's Inn, though he spent most of his time in Great Or-

mond Street, near the Foundling Hospital, where his parents and his brothers and sisters lived after removing from Clapham, and from the neighbourhood of Sloane Street. Whilst residing here, he contrived to make himself acquainted with almost every street, alley and lane in London, and rifled the old book-stalls of many a ballad and pamphlet of more than passing value. During the short residence of his family at Sloane Street, he tells us how he used to walk with his brothers and sisters on Sundays across "The Five-Acre Field"—now Belgrave Square—to attend the services of the Lock Chapel; and subsequently, when in Bloomsbury, how he used to "sit under the ministry" of Daniel Wilson, at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. He does not, however, appear to have been, even in his youth, a staunch supporter of the "Evangelicals," for we find him, during a long vacation in Wales, declining on principle to support the establishment of a branch of the Bible Society in the Principality. His first public speech, we may here remark—excepting those delivered by him in the Union Debating Club, at Cambridge—was delivered at Freemasons' Tavern, on behalf of Negro Emancipation.

Before entering the House of Commons, he had already established his fame as an excellent and

powerful speaker, and as the most successful essayist of his time. The few speeches which he delivered in St. Stephen's did but confirm the reputation with which he entered the House. So it is not to be wondered at that, when he exchanged the small borough of Calne for the great and newly-enfranchised constituency of Leeds, he should have been marked out by the Whig Ministry for promotion. Hence—though he had not made much of a figure as a barrister—he was sent to India to reform and systematise our code of legislation. He performed his task with great ability, and returned to England in 1838, to be elected M.P. for Edinburgh, to be sworn a member of the Privy Council, and to hold an office in Lord Melbourne's Cabinet.

The rest of Macaulay's career is known to all the world. In 1847, the bigoted and narrow-minded citizens of Edinburgh rejected him, but five years later were glad to ask him to come back to them on his own terms. He did so; but he was in bad health, and rarely spoke in the House, though he did not neglect the interests of his constituents. In 1856, soon after resigning his seat, he was raised to the peerage.

After his return from India in 1838, he lived first in lodgings in Clarges Street, and subsequently, for a short time, shared a house in Great

George Street, Westminster, with his favourite sister Hannah and her husband, Sir Charles Trevelyan. He then took chambers in the Albany, which he occupied for nearly fifteen years, making them as nearly like a set of college-rooms as he possibly could, and attaching himself to them with all the affection of youth. Here he wrote the first four volumes of his "History of England," the work by which hereafter he will be judged by posterity. We do not intend to criticize it here; but as a proof of its immediate popularity we may record the fact that he received on one occasion from Messrs. Longman a cheque for £20,000 in payment of a portion only of its profits! This, we believe, is the largest sum ever cleared by an author out of a single transaction.

Macaulay lived on at the Albany almost down to the end of his career in the Commons, when he migrated to Campden Hill. Though he delighted in London society, in which he shone as the wittiest of the witty, yet he always liked rural scenes and flowers and forests; and so here he made himself happy with his garden and with a few choice friends. Here he loved to entertain his youthful nephews and nieces, of whose company he never tired, even when weary of the *conversazioni* of Holland and Lansdowne Houses.

Here he penned the fifth volume of his "History" which was given to the world after his death by his sister, Lady Trevelyan, whose son was destined to become his biographer. He died suddenly—literally with his pen and his book in his hand, in his study at Campden Hill—on one of the last evenings of the year 1859, and was buried near Addison and other worthies in the old Abbey of Westminster. *Requiescat in pace.*

He was a boy of only fourteen when he thus expressed himself with respect to the great Metropolis: "London is the place for me. Its smoky atmosphere and muddy river charm me more than the pure air of Hertfordshire and the crystal currents of the river Rib. Nothing is equal to the splendid varieties of London life, the 'fine flow of London talk,' and the dazzling brilliancy of London spectacles." No wonder that the boy who could write thus became afterwards an ornament of London society; for in his case "the child was father of the man."

MODERN BABYLON.

(1867.)

THE immense and rapid overgrowth of our huge Metropolis has been a fertile theme for discussion for these many years past ; but, in spite of all public and private remonstrances, London has increased and is increasing yearly, and, as we have every reason to believe, will go on steadily increasing for many a long year to come.

It is well, then, occasionally to take a breath and pause, and look this ever-growing monster fairly in the face, and to "take stock" of him before he has grown out of all proportion, and become as unamenable to the measurement of us pygmies of the every-day stamp as the great giants of Brobdingnag were to Gulliver.

We are tempted to make this remark by a perusal of the last annual Report of the Registrar-General,

who tells us plainly, and without reserve, that London is growing greater every day, and that within its present bounds, extending over one hundred and twenty-two square miles of territory, the population amounts by computation to three millions and a half souls. In its midst is the ancient City of London, inhabited at night by about one hundred thousand people; while around it, as far as a radius of fifteen miles stretches from Charing Cross, an ever-thickening ring of people extends within the area over which the Metropolitan Police watches, making the whole number, on an area of six hundred and eighty-seven square miles round St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, four millions.

Four millions of souls! Why, it is more than the population of half-a-dozen German principalities, more than half that of the Kingdom of Ireland, and equal to that of all Scotland put together. Four millions of souls within the Suburban Postal districts! within what used to be termed the Bills of Mortality. What a contrast does this present to the London, we will not say of Henry or Elizabeth, or even of Charles or of Anne, but of the early part of the reign of George III., the London of Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole.*

* It is well known that, in the eighteenth century, no census was taken of the population of Great Britain, and that the

These remarks arise naturally from the simple fact that we have lying on our table a large and attractive volume, bound in red, which has reached us from Messrs. Kelly's printing-office—the "Post Office London Directory" for the current year; while, on looking up at our shelves of choice and valuable books, which we have picked up at second-hand bookstalls at prices varying (let us plead guilty to the extravagance) from one penny to sixpence, we see a little dingy book of duodecimo size in a dingy brown cover, and printed on dingy brown paper—a book, however, which is the lineal ancestor of the handsome huge octavo which we have already introduced, and which, on opening it at the title-page, we find entitled "The New and Complete Guide to all Persons who have any Trade or Concern with the City of London

total of the then inhabitants of London must for ever remain a matter of inference. One means of help is to be found in the records of the total of baptisms for each year within "the bills of mortality;" for the infants baptised may be considered to represent five-sixths of those born at a time when baptism was made a condition of admission to nearly every post and office, and when both Dissenters and Papists were forced to bring their infants to the parish church. Now it so happens that "Sylvanus Urban" gives the total of London christenings in 1767 at 15,980, which rise gradually to 17,916 in 1772, and five years later again to 18,300, though that number is not again even approximately attained until after 1787, when the total stands at 17,508.

and the Parts adjacent." It claims to be "The exactest piece of the kind hitherto published," and also to be "Designed for the Use of Persons of all Degrees, as well Natives as Foreigners." It was apparently "published by 'the book-sellers;'" at all events, it bears the names of T. Longman, J. Rivington, R. Baldwin, and of other houses now no longer represented in Paternoster Row or elsewhere; and it appears to have been sold at eighteenpence in "marble paper," and at two shillings half bound, with the plates, or one-and-eightpence without them.

Our copy is full bound, and, fortunately, has two plates, of which the one is a ground plan of the Royal Exchange, showing the several "walks for merchants traders," &c.; and the other is "A Correct Plan of the Cities of London and Westminster, and the Borough of Southwark, including the Bills of Mortality." There is no date upon the title-page, but the date of the map is 1765; and, as the latest date mentioned in the book is 1771, in all probability we have in this little book, for which we recently gave the price of two-pence sterling, the "Post Office London Directory," or, at all events, its equivalent, for the year 1772.

This little book is quite a *multum in parvo* of City information. It has little or nothing of ex-

traneous matter; no lists of His Majesty's Ministers, or of the Houses of Lords and Commons, or of the "Reigning Sovereigns" of Europe; no almanac or table of eclipses; no prophecies of "Zadkiel" or "Old Moore;" but it gives, or professes to give, the names of "all the streets, squares, &c. in the City, and within the Bills of Mortality; the names and situations of all the Companies' Halls; the new rates for carmen, as settled by the Lord Mayor, &c., on the 11th of July, 1757; the rates of watermen, hackney coachmen, chairmen, and porters; the rates of the General and Penny Post Offices; an account of all the coasting vessels that sail from the port of London; an account of all the stage coaches, with the fares of passengers, carriers, &c.; where they 'inn,' and when they 'go out;' a whole chapter on the forms of procedure in entering goods at the Custom House; and lists of the names and places of abode of the most eminent merchants and traders in the City; of the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of the City, with their Wards; and, finally, of the Directors of the Bank of England, South Sea and India Companies, of the Royal Exchange Assurance, the Sun Fire Office, the London Assurance, and the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, of the Excise, and the Customs."

Each part of the book would afford the subject

of a separate article; but it is clear that for our purposes the "Map of London" and the "List of eminent merchants and traders" are likely to be the most useful and interesting portions.

The map ends westward near the present site of the Marble Arch. What is now Oxford Street is called "Tyburn Road" from Bond Street westward, and Park Lane is "Tyburn Lane." Apsley House does not appear at all; and there is apparently an opening in a slanting direction from the lower end of "Tyburn Lane," behind what is now the Duke of Cambridge's residence, near Hamilton Place, and the Duke of Wellington's, to Hyde Park Corner. This piece of information may possibly interest those worthy individuals who advocated or opposed the recent opening of a thoroughfare through Hamilton Place. The site of Buckingham "Palace" is occupied by Buckingham "House," to the south of which the road forks off, apparently among open fields, into two, the "Coach road for Ranelagh House," and the "Footway to Chelsea." The land around Tothill Fields and Horseferry Road is really a field. Marylebone and Marylebone Gardens stand quite away from all houses, and Marylebone Lane appears to pass on a curve between hedgerows. What is now the British Museum was the site of Montagu House and Bedford House, both clear of

surrounding buildings, and commanding a clear view northwards to Highgate. There were a few large mansions on either side of the southern end of Tottenham Court Road, parallel to which ran, across what now is Fitzroy Square, an inviting looking pathway marked as "The Green Lane." At the junction of the New Road and Tottenham Court Road stood, not the giant establishment of Messrs. Moses, but "Tottenham Court," quite isolated, and in the midst of pleasant fields, which reached eastwards to Lamb's Conduit Fields, "Black Mary's Hole," and the New River Head. Hoxton appears on this map as a village quite by itself; and across the water scarcely a house is standing round St. George's Fields and Lambeth Road. Eastwards, there is not the same difference perceptible, for the rows of streets extend beyond Whitechapel Church nearly to Mile End; and we all know that it is in an easterly direction that all large cities—and London among them—are slowest in making progress by the operation of some law, the reason of which it is difficult to explain.

In the list of streets and squares there are, of course, great differences to be noted. Fleet Street is there, and the Strand, and Piccadilly, and Holborn, and Oxford Street (at least, half of it); but Regent Street is not there, of course. Leicester "Square" is Leicester "Fields;" Farringdon

Street is "Fleet Market;" Pimlico is one short row of houses near the Palace. Between Temple Bar and St. Clement's Danes stands "Butchers' Row." Waterloo, and Southwark, and Hungerford Bridges are not; and Whitefriars is a nest of tiny streets and alleys.

Again, the list of merchants, principal tradesmen, &c., which answers to about five hundred and fifty large pages in Kelly's "Post Office Directory," here occupies just one hundred and twenty small pages, containing between fifty and sixty names in each, though in the "&c." we find included not only merchants, but attorneys-at-law, notaries public, managers of insurance offices, and men of other professions.

The well-known names of Longman, Rivington, and Dodsley appear among the publishers. The bankers are represented by the names of Biddulph, Cocks, Child, Coutts, Dimsdale, Drummond, Glyn, Gosling, Grote, Hanbury, Hankey, Hoare, Ladbroke, Prescott, Smith and Payne; while the Barings, Neaves, Goldsmids, Lubbocks, and Bosanquets figure conspicuously among the merchants. The Rothschilds and the Gurneys apparently were not yet commercially born, but were only in the womb of time.

And now let us turn from the lesser to the larger object, and, gazing on the Directory of the

present, let us lose ourselves in wonder at the enormous change which little more than a century has worked upon the face of London.

The little infant of two hundred and ninety-eight pages has expanded into a giant of nearly three thousand large pages, exclusive of nearly three hundred more devoted to advertisements. As we handle its Herculean frame, the pages seem to be bursting into a standing protest against the cruelty of keeping so full-grown a body fast bound within two covers, and to demand leave to shift for itself, and expand itself into two or three portable volumes ; but, at present, Messrs. Kelly have no idea of gratifying this desire, and, as the City continues to grow, so, we suppose, will the book which serves as the record of its growth and its life. What would not an antiquary give for a pocket-guide to Verulam, or Colchester, or Silchester, in the days when the Roman legions were quartered in this island, or even of Winchester in the old days of the Heptarchy ? And we may be sure that if ever Macaulay's "New Zealander" should be found in reality contemplating the ruins of London from the piers of its shattered bridges, he will find no record more instructive or more useful than that which Messrs. Kelly can afford him of the state of London in the fortieth year of Victoria. Nay, even if one should be neither an

antiquary nor a New Zealander, what would he give to learn a hundred years hence where Wellington, and Lord Palmerston, and Lord Beaconsfield, and Gladstone lived; in what street and at what number Alfred Tennyson lodged when a bachelor; where the Grotes, and the Froudes, the Carlyles, the Thackerays, the Charles Dickenses, and Robert Brownings of this day most frequently did collect and congregate?

Nothing need be said about the value of such a book to business men; but it is also not without some general interest. If anybody is curious to know the relative importance of each trade in London, judged by the numbers of those who follow it, you can get this information without much difficulty from the "Trades Directory." The publicans appear to be far and away the most numerous. This volume contains the names of about four thousand seven hundred, not including three hundred hotels, taverns, or coffee-houses of a superior class, which are ranged by themselves, and one hundred private hotels not licensed. Of beer-retailers there are not less than one thousand seven hundred; of wine merchants an equal number. Even this estimate by no means exhausts the list of those whose business it is to supply London with stimulants more or less gentle. Some one hundred and fifty brewers are

in the list; and then the brewers' agents, the distillers and spirit merchants, the dealers in liqueurs, cider, and perry, have to be reckoned. It is probably below the mark to say that ten thousand persons in this "Directory" are shown to be engaged, either wholly or partially, in what teetotallers call "the liquor traffic." Of course, this does not include a whole army of brewers' men, draymen, waiters, barmen and barmaids, tapsters, cellarmen, potboys, and hangers-on of all sorts whose interests are also bound up in this traffic. We do not venture to estimate their numbers; the Alliance may do so, and tremble.

After the publicans, the bootmakers take rank. Of these there are over three thousand—all, we presume, keeping something like a shop—and two hundred wholesale makers. The grocers and tea-dealers are less numerous by a hundred or so. Next come the tailors, two thousand six hundred; the bakers, one thousand eight hundred and fifty; the butchers, one thousand seven hundred and fifty; the tobaccouists, one thousand five hundred; and the milliners, one thousand four hundred, as numerous a body as the greeu-grocers. The lodging-house keepers own to a strength of one thousand three hundred and fifty, but must really be a much more imposing body. With these the dairymen and the builders take the

same rank. The linendrapers muster only some one thousand one hundred; but then the haberdashers four hundred, the hosiers five hundred, and the outfitters two hundred and fifty strong, march in separate companies. The Squeers tribe is well represented, for of private schools there are nearly one thousand two hundred.

These items show a vast increase upon the number of names entered in the little "Directory" of a hundred years ago, for there we find that the wine merchants comprise only about two hundred, and the brewers and distillers about three hundred and fifty names—or, in other words, about a twentieth part of those which appear in the "Directory" of to-day. The grocers and tea-dealers might be put down at six hundred strong, whilst no notice whatever is taken of the bakers, butchers, or greengrocers. The linendrapers have increased about four-fold, five hundred names serving to denote the persons engaged in that branch of industry in the last century, whilst about another five hundred figure as haberdashers and hosiers.

The familiar names of "Smith," "Brown," "Jones," and "Robinson" preponderated as much in 1767 as in 1877, for of the former we find ninety-one entries, and of the Browns we have forty-five, Joneses twenty-eight, and Robinsons sixteen. It is hardly necessary to say that the

great family of Smith is still in 1877 represented in its due proportion. In the "Commercial Directory" of to-day, where the names are entered in alphabetical order, more than one thousand five hundred Smiths are registered. The curious may like to know that above one hundred and thirty answer to the Christian name of John, and be it remembered that these are all householders and heads of families. If we add the women and children, the lodgers, and working men of the same clan all over London, whose names do not appear in Directories, we shall have a population of Smiths equal to that of many considerable towns which return their two members to Parliament. The Joneses are only half the number of the Smiths. Next to them come the Browns, who, however, fall short of seven hundred. The Johnsons and the Williamses muster some five hundred each, while the hardly less familiar name of Robinson is borne by only about two hundred and fifty persons.

There is much matter of antiquarian interest to be found even in the apparently dull and dry pages of the eight or ten alphabets which go to make up Messrs. Kelly's Directory. For instance, take the public-house signs, in which the curious reader can read so much of the history both of manners and opinions, and also of his country. As

might naturally be expected among Englishmen, the emblems of loyalty, or at least of royalty, are by far the most numerous of all. The "King's Arms" head the list; there are eighty-seven such signs in London. The "Queen's Arms" number only twenty-three. Delicacy seems to have suggested to mine host the choice of Her Majesty's Head, and, accordingly, there are forty-nine Queen's and sixty King's Heads. The Royal Oak stands for twenty-six signs; the Royal Standard for twelve. The Crown gives a name to seventy-three houses, let alone eighteen Crowns and Anchors, six Crowns and Cushions, ten Crowns and Sceptres, forty-six Roses and Crowns, and seventeen houses where this emblem of royalty is found in more questionable society, such as the Crown and Anvil, the Crown and Appletree, the Crown and Barley-mow, and the Crown and Can. To Prince Albert twenty-three public-houses are dedicated; to the Prince of Wales, forty-nine; to the Princess of Wales, eight; to the Princess Royal, eight; to Prince Alfred, ten; to Prince Arthur, three; to Princess Alice, two; and to Princess Beatrice, one. Among our national heroes, the Duke of Wellington has twenty-six; Lord Nelson, twenty-two; next to whom in popularity comes the Marquis of Granby with sixteen.

Strangely enough, after satisfying the demands

of loyalty, the animal creation seems to stand next in order of popularity; but, on reflection, the fact may be accounted for by remembering that most of these beasts are taken not from the Zoological Gardens, but from the fair and gentle science of heraldry. The King of Beasts, the British Lion, of one colour or another, is naturally the favourite with the British public.

Seventy-four signs bear the proud emblem of the Red Lion; there are seventeen Golden Lions, and twenty-six White Lions, to say nothing of Blue Lions, and other varieties. Next in number comes the White Hart, of which we find sixty-two. There are fifty Georges and fifteen George and Dragons, fifty-three Coach and Horses, forty-eight Grapes, forty White Horses, thirteen White Bears, thirty-six Bulls and Bulls' Heads, seventeen Black Bulls, twenty-eight Black Horses, thirty White Swans, thirty-one Globes, thirty-two Bells, twenty-one Feathers, fifteen Green Dragons, twenty-five Green Mans, twenty-one Swans, thirteen Spread Eagles, eleven Turks' Heads, and two Saracens' ditto, twenty-six Two Brewers, twenty-two Three Compasses, seventeen Blue Anchors, thirteen Blue Posts, four Blue Lasts, one Blue Pump (whatever that may mean), and one Blue-eyed Maid. Three seems to be reckoned a lucky number, for there are twenty-

two Three Compasses, nineteen Three Tuns, and nine Three Crowns. The number is found joined with almost everything animate and inanimate—Castles, Cranes, Cups, Kings, Kingdoms, Mariners, Goats' Heads, Spies, Jolly Butchers, Sugar Loaves, Horseshoes, Loggerheads, and Red Herrings. As befits so great a port as London, the Ship serves for seventy signs, to say nothing of such odd additions as the Ship and Shears, the Ship and Blue Ball, the Ship and Shovel, and—a somewhat more classical sign—the Ship Argo. Naval heroes are greatly favoured, and Dutchmen may like to know that respect is paid to Van Tromp, if that sign, indeed, refers directly to the famous admiral, and not to the famous horse named after him. The Sun, whether rising, setting, or in mid-day splendour, shines from forty-one signs; and he also has queer allies, or satellites, in the shape of Swords, Horseshoes, Lasts, Swiss Cantons, and Apple Trees.

The appearance of new trades, and the disappearance of old ones, in the Annual "Directory," is another feature on which it would be easy to moralise, if space permitted us. Like the race of man, or of words, or, indeed, of everything human, is the succession of trades in London:—

*“ Ut folia auctumno pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt ; ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata vigentque.*

Our readers will be surprised to learn that in each annual volume as it appears figure from twenty to fifty new trades which had no place in the publication for the previous year. As a writer in the *Times* remarks, "The search after 'new things' never ends, and from year to year a Beckmann might gather in these pages materials for a new history of invention. Sometimes it is science that gives birth to a trade, sometimes it is a passing caprice. In either case, the want brings the supply. London traders take care that no one shall long be able to say with a clear conscience that he cannot get all that money will procure. When the want has thus been met, it is for the Directory-maker to record the fact in his register of new trades." The list as it stands is a curiosity in itself. It includes aluminium agents, anti-friction powder manufacturers, artificial plant and bouquet makers, brimstone refiners, church vestment warehouses (Roman Catholic), dolls' boot and shoe makers, earth closet manufacturers, esparto merchants, gazogene manufacturers, graphotypers, paper-fastener makers, parkesine manufacturers, school and exhibition decorators, sodium and (patent) sodium amalgam manufacturers, and stay-fastening manufacturers. It is only reasonable to suppose that, as new trades are born, so old ones die out; but they pass

away unnoticed and unsung; *carent quia vate sacro.*

So with the changes which each year sees among the people whose names, dwellings, and avocations such a book undertakes to chronicle. "An old inhabitant possessing the requisite local knowledge can read no sadder volume than an old Directory. To him the register of his street or quarter must call up painful recollections of men who one by one have been struck down in the hard battle of life, and whose places are now filled by a new crowd of busy, struggling, successful workers. But the book itself deals neither with success nor failure, with ruin nor death. If you answer to the yearly muster-roll, well and good; if not, your name is blotted out, your place knows you no more, and there, for the 'Post Office Directory' purposes, is an end of you."

Of course, no sooner is this annual publication complete and brought down to the date of its appearance, than the work of destruction, or at all events of alteration, and therefore of imperfection, commences. It is not subject to *all* the changes which are incident to some publications—Burke's or Lodge's "Peerage" for example,—from births and marriages; but deaths and appointments and promotions in the several paths of professional life, are working a constant change

in its contents. The attorney of last year has resolved to follow the higher branch of his profession, and is called to the Bar. The City aldermen of yesterday, who lived at Streatham or Clapham, now writes M.P. after his name, and resides in Tyburnia or Belgravia. That great firm of bankers, or railway contractors, has come to grief, or bankruptcy, or both, and has made way for a new Insurance Society; or the old house has been swept away possibly to give place to some new club or monster hotel.

But let no one imagine that even in this huge volume he sees before him the whole of even commercial London. Some thousands of London merchants live in and around Croydon, and Reigate, and Bromley, and Chislehurst, and Hampstead, and Hendon, and Highgate, to say nothing of Brentwood and Epping Forest, or of Brighton, which has come to be styled colloquially "London-super-Mare." If he wishes to know where the real wealth of London lives, and moves, and has its being, he must shut up this volume and consult two other publications of a like kind, compiled by Messrs. Kelly, and in their way scarcely less valuable and important,—we mean their "Suburban Directory," and their "Directory of the Six Home Counties," Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, Kent, Herts, and Sussex.

BULL AND BEAR-BAITING IN LONDON.

NOWADAYS if any of our countrymen or countrywomen want to see a bull-fight, they will doubtless find no difficulty in wending their way to Spain, and so timing their visit to Madrid as to make it fall in with a bull-feast, or *Fiesta de Toros*, as the Spaniards term it. But had the same fit seized them three hundred years ago, when Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne, they would not have had to travel so far in order to gratify their taste for blood. They would have found all that they wanted here in this City of London, and the furthest that they need trudge in search for such excitement would have been just across old London Bridge. The existence in England of the breed of bull-dogs, coupled with the name of the "Bear Garden," still to be found on Bankside, Southwark, is a standing proof of

the prevalence of this sport in "Merrye England," yes, and in "Merrye London," in the olden time.

It is well known to every reader of Mediæval chronicles that the Continental Sovereigns of those times used to rear and train bulls, bears, horses, and other animals for the purpose of having them baited by dogs; and even fair queens and ladies of female courts did not scruple to countenance the cruel pastime by their presence any more than their Spanish sisters in this year of grace 1879. Fitzstephen, who lived in the reign of Henry II., tells us that in the forenoon of every holyday during the winter season the youthful Londoners were amused with shows of "boars opposed to each other in battle," or with "bulls and full-grown bears baited by dogs;" and again, "in winter, on every holyday, before dinner, the boars prepared for brawn are set to fight, or else bulls and bears are baited." I am happy to say that Stow, who records this fact, makes no mention of horses, so that there is reason to believe that this noble animal was not often subjected to such indignity, or made to share the dangers of the arena here.

The Sovereign, it would seem, always had a "Bearward" as well as a Chancellor, forming part of his court. There were several places in the neighbourhood of the metropolis set apart for

the "baiting" of wild beasts, and especially a district in the parish of St. Saviour's, Southwark, called the "Paris Garden." This garden contained two such baiting grounds, rude circular structures, which figure in the map of Ralph Aggas and in other contemporary prints, and were said to have been the first set up near London. Inside these, if we may trust the words of honest John Stow, were erected scaffolds for the spectators to stand upon, an indulgence for which they had to pay in the following manner: "Those who go to Paris Garden, the Bell Savage, or Theatre to behold bear-baiting enterludes, or fence-play, must not account of (*i.e.*, reckon on) any pleasant spectacle unless they first pay one penny at the gate, another at the entrie of the scaffold, and a third for quiet standing."

"There were in Southwark," says Stow, "two bear-gardens, the old and the new: places wherein were kept bears, bulls, and other beasts to be baited; as also mastives in their several kennels are there nourished to bait them. These bears and other beasts are there baited in plots of ground scaffolded round for the beholder to stand safe." He adds, "For the foulness of these rude sights, and for that these beastly combats were usually performed on Sundays, and that so much money was idly thrown away that might have

been better given to the poor, a Poet in the latter time of Henry VIII. made and printed these homely verses, more commendable for his zeal than for his poetry."

"What folly is this to keep with dangér
 A great mastiff dog, and foul ugly bear,
 And to this anent to see these two fight
 With terrible tearing, a full ugly sight.
 And methinks these men are most fools of all
 Whose store of money is but very small,
 And yet every Sunday they will surely spend
 A penny or two, the bear-ward's living to mend.

"At Paris Garden, each Sunday, a man shall not fail
 To find two or three hundred for the bear-ward's vale;
 One half-penny a piece they use for to give
 When some have not more in their purses, I believe.
 Well, at the last day their conscience will declare
 That the poor ought to have all that they may spare.
 If you therefore go to witness a bear-fight,
 Be sure, God His curse will upon you alight."

The learned Erasmus, who visited our shores in the reign of Henry VIII., tells us that there were many herds of bears maintained in the Court for the purpose of being baited. Again, when Queen Mary visited her sister, the Princess Elizabeth, during her confinement at Hatfield House, the next morning, after Mass was over, a grand exhibition of bear-baiting was made for the amusement of the two royal ladies: and it is

added that "their highnesses were well content" with the display. Again, when Queen Elizabeth in May, 1559, gave an entertainment to the French Ambassadors, they were afterwards entertained at Whitehall with the baiting of bulls and of bears, the Queen herself standing with her guests, and looking at the pastime until six at night. The day following, we are told, these same Ambassadors were conducted by water to Paris Gardens, where they saw "another baiting of bulls and bears." And to show that it was not only in the heyday of youth that Queen Elizabeth condescended to such sports, twenty-seven years later, in 1586, when the Queen received the Danish Ambassador at Greenwich, she treated him with the sight of a bull and bear being baited, "tempered," says Hollingshed in his own quaint manner, "with other merry disports." And for the diversion of the populace there was a horse with an ape on his back, which so highly pleased them that they expressed "their inward-conceived joy and delight with shrill shouts and a variety of gestures." Towards the end of her reign the Queen indulged another set of Ambassadors with a bear-bait at the Cockpit near St. James's, after which followed dancing.

Laneham, speaking of a bear-baiting which was exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in 1575,

tells us that no less than thirteen bears were provided for the occasion, and that the brutes were baited with great "ban-dogs." It is curious that **i**n these and other notices of such sports we find **n**o mention made of the ring which was usually **p**ut in the nose of the bear when he was baited, and which certainly came to be the general practice afterwards; hence the Duke of Newcastle in his play of *The Humorous Lovers*, printed in 1617, exclaims, "I fear the wedlock-ring more than the bear does the ring in his nose."

It may interest our readers to learn that Edmund Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, was a long time a part owner of the Southwark Bear Gardens; not, however, exactly by his own choice, it would seem; for, in order to make good his position as a player and to carry out his theatrical designs, he found himself obliged to purchase the patent office of "Beare-ward" or "Master of the King's Beares." Alleyn's bear-garden appears to have been well-stocked, for on one occasion, when Sir John Dorrington, the "Chief Master" of Queen Elizabeth's "Games of Bulls and Bears," was required at a short notice to furnish a display of bear-baiting for the gratification of Her Majesty, he found it necessary to apply to Alleyn and his partner for assistance.

Hence on his tomb at Dulwich Alheyne figures as “Regiæ Theromachiæ Præfectus.”

But it must not be supposed that Southwark was the only part of London where such diversions found a home. On the contrary, it is clear from advertisements and other public notices that there were gardens for “beare-baits” and “boll-baits” in other parts of the metropolis; at Horsleydown, for instance, at Hockley-in-the-Hole, near Clerkenwell, at Tyburn Road (now Oxford Street), at Ball’s Pond, near Kingsland, and at Tuttle (or Tothill) Fields, at Westminster,* to say nothing of the courtly region of Whitehall. Accordingly, in the *The Humorous Lovers* above quoted, mention is made of a famous bear, known as “Tom of Lincoln;” and one of the characters, pretending to be a “bear-ward,” says:— “I’ll set up my bills, that the gamesters of London, Horsleydown, and Southwark may come in and bait him here before the ladies; but first, boy, go fetch me a bag-pipe; we will walk the streets in triumph, and give the people notice of the sport.” This serves to show the way in which public notice was given of such sports. Mr. Horatio Smith, in his amusing book on *Festivals*,

* Here the grounds containing the bear garden covered nine or ten acres, which now form part of Vincent Square. The grounds ceased to exist in 1793.

Games, &c., informs us that on these occasions the bear not was only preceded by a minstrel or two, or a band of music, but also carried on his back a monkey or baboon by way of advertisement. It may be added that the time when these sports were celebrated was generally a Sunday afternoon.

The "Bear Garden" would appear from Pepys' Diary to have been the regular place also for prize-fights; and, on three out of the four occasions on which he visited it, that was the sport he saw. On one occasion he saw a bull baited by dogs, which he candidly owns to be "a very rude and nasty pleasure." Even the staid and excellent John Evelyn visited the place once at the least. He writes, under date of June 16th, 1670, "I went with some friends to the Bear Garden, where was cock-fighting, dog-fighting, beare and bull baiting, it being a famous day for all these butcherly sports, or rather barbarous cruelties. The bulls did exceeding well; but the Irish wolf-dog exceeded, which was a tall greyhound, a stately creature indeed, who beat a cruel mastiff. One of the bulls tossed a large dog full into a lady's lap, as she sat in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed; and all ended with the ape on horseback; and I, most heartily

wearied of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seen, I think, for twenty years before."

It seems to have been generally owned by our best writers that these sports were indefensible both in theory and practice, and that they must have helped to brutalise and demoralise the apprentices of London. Even Strutt, the author of "Sports and Pastimes," speaks of them as among the more "vulnerable parts of the characters of our ancestors," and as "manifesting a degree of barbarism which will admit of no just defence." Sir Richard Steele, also, whilst censuring the cruelty of "throwing at cocks," remarks:—

"Some French writers have represented this diversion of the common people much to our disadvantage, and imputed it to a natural fierceness and cruelty of temper, as they do some other entertainments peculiar to our nation; I mean those elegant diversions of bull-baiting and prize-fighting, with the like ingenious recreations of the bear-garden. I wish I knew how to answer this reproach which is cast upon us, and excuse the deaths of so many innocent cocks, bulls, dogs, and bears as have been set together by the ears, or died an untimely death only to make us sport."

The two following advertisements, both of the reign of Queen Anne, will serve to show that

these cruel sports lasted down to a much more recent date:—

“At the bear-garden in Hockley-in-the-Hole,* near Clerkenwell Green, this present Monday, there is a great Match to be fought, by two dogs of Smithfield Bars against two dogs of Hampstead, at the ‘Reading Bull,’ for one guinea to be spent; five let-goes out of hand; which goes fairest and furthest in wins all. Likewise there are two bear-dogs, to jump three jumps apiece at the bear, which jumps highest, for ten shillings to be spent. Also variety of bull-baiting and bear-baiting; it being a day of general sport by all the old gamesters, and a bull dog to be drawn up with fireworks. Beginning at three o’clock.”

“At William Wells’ bear-garden in Tuttle fields, Westminster, this present Monday, there will be a green bull baited, and twenty dogs to fight for a collar, and the dog that runs furthest and fairest wins the collar; with other diversions of bull and bear-baiting. Beginning at two of the clock.”

Whilst regretting the loss of some of the sports of “merry England in the olden time,” we may, perhaps, congratulate ourselves that the “bait-

* In C. Knight’s “London,” Vol. I. there is a view of the interior of the bear-garden in Clerkenwell, with a bear throwing a dog high up into the box seats.

ings" with which our ancestors amused themselves under Queens Elizabeth and Anne are no longer patronised by any respectable member of society under the reign of Queen Victoria; and we may trust that they have long since passed away into the domain of history.

THE PLAGUE IN LONDON.

(1879.)

MANY of our readers, doubtless, experienced somewhat of a "scare" when they read that the plague had found its way from Asia into Astrachan and other parts of Russia, and that its course, like that of most diseases, was decidedly westward. The *Times* and other papers devote long columns to the calculation of the chances of its finding its way to England, assuring us, however, that whatever can be done in the way of prevention will be accomplished; and we are somewhat comforted by a notice in the *London Gazette* to the effect that Her Majesty's Government and our consular representatives have "got their eye" upon the advance of the monster, whose presence among us would be so little welcome were he to reach our shores. It is often supposed that the visitation in 1665, rendered so

familiar in the pages of Defoe, was the only appearance of the plague in England, at all events within historic times. But it is to be feared that such a supposition is very far from the truth. In fact, as Dr. Lardner remarks in his "Cabinet Cyclopædia," "no city in Europe, except Constantinople, has suffered so severely from its visitations as London."

The first notice of the plague in London is found in the chronicles of "honest" John Stow, who tells us that it appeared here in the reign of Edward III., when, if he is to be believed, it devastated the kingdom, "leaving scarce a tenth person living" But even if we understand him to mean that it carried off "one person in every ten," his words must be a gross exaggeration; and they are entirely unsupported by the testimony of contemporary annalists.

In the reign of Henry IV., early in the fourteenth century, we are told that the plague carried off 30,000 persons in England. After the lapse of a century it would seem to have re-appeared here; for Holinshed tells us that "in A.D. 1500, there was a great plague, which showed its virulence chiefly in London, where 30,000 persons are said to have perished within a short space of time." Apparently this last pestilence differed in some of its symptoms from its predecessors;

for one writer who mentions it calls it "a new and curious epidemy, which carried off its victims within twenty-four hours." It is, however, not a little singular, unless there is some confusion between the two visitations, that the estimate of the loss of life in this country was the same on both occasions.

In 1562-3, according to Heckman's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," London and Westminster were visited by the plague in a modified form. In 1581 the plague-marks again appear. During this sickly season, the poor were taken with such extraordinary fits of perspiration that it was feared that the "sweating sickness" was about to return; and during the three following summers the disease was still more virulent and fatal. Another outbreak of the plague occurred in the summer of 1592, and lasted for the best part of two years. In 1603 a frightful plague visited Westminster, the deaths of those buried at the public expense amounting to 451 in that city alone. In 1603-4-5 the plague re-appeared in London, but few details are recorded. The disease hovered about London for the best part of two years, but it seems to have been by no means so fatal as previously. It only, however, held in reserve its full strength to be used in the course of time.

The culminating ravages of the plague, which in 1625 swept away in the metropolis upwards of 41,000 persons, and again more than 100,000 in 1665, would seem to have arisen mainly from the narrowness of the streets and the badness of the drainage. The fact of many families living crowded in a single dwelling, where a proper circulation of free air was impossible, was considered so serious an evil that it elicited an order of Lord Burleigh, in March, 1563, prohibiting the residence of more than one family in a single house; and we find that at this time the disaster was generally spoken of as "the poor man's plague." The physicians of the day considered that the poor were largely predisposed to its attacks by eating unripe fruit and tainted food; and recommended the constant burning of resinous woods and fragrant spices, in order to purify the air. In Westminster the effects of bad drainage were increased by the crowded state of the churchyards, the sewers above ground, and the garbage which was allowed to accumulate in the streets, and also by the noisome exhalations from ditches and marshy grounds, promoted by the overflowings of the Thames. These produced, it is said, a constant dampness and a cloud of unwholesome temperature, which hung brooding in the atmosphere. Another cause which helped to spread

the infection is said to have been the wearing of woollen stuffs, which imbibe infection more readily, and retain it longer, than clothes of cotton or linen.

The state of London during this awful season has been so minutely described before that we need only allude to it here. Terrible indeed, though the sun shone bright in the sky above, as if in mockery, must have been the sight of the metropolis. It was not only the lazar house that was the abode of sickness and death, but the rude pallet, with its ghastly burden, the tainted atmosphere that might "almost be felt," the despairing sob and frenzied shriek of the sick—these were everywhere; and on all sides the Destroying Angel held his course along forlorn streets and deserted alleys. Though large fires were lighted to purify the air, the smoke wreaths, unable to rise, formed a sable pall, and the noisome contagion continued to spread. The gloomy watchman stood at the close-guarded door marked with the foot-long cross of blue paint, and with the penitential verse above it—"Lord, have mercy upon us!" And ever and anon the profound silence, like that of a charnel-house, was broken by the toll of the funeral bell, and vigilant searchers, with red wands in their hands, paced to and fro, and through the long night the death-

cart rolled past heavily-laden towards the plague-pit, already surfeited with corruption, and the doleful cry of the burier was heard on all sides as he called out, "Bring out your dead."

The plague has left some abiding memorials of its presence among us. It is well-known to antiquaries that on the ruins of one of the Parliamentary forts at Westminster was erected a lazaretto called the "The Five Houses" or "The Seven Chimneys," abutting on what is now the Vauxhall Bridge Road, for the reception of persons attacked by the plague; and these "pest houses" were not removed till our own day. They were not mere temporary barracks, but substantial structures of red brick, and they were built in 1644, more than twenty years before the last visitation of the plague. Another of the plague pits of London was dug to the east of what is now Regent Street, a little to the north of Golden Square. Mr. Mackenzie Walcott tells us, in his "Memorials of Westminster," that the general bills of mortality for 1665, show that 4,710 persons were buried in that year in St. Margaret's parish alone, and that of these no less than 3,742 died of the plague. He also identifies the site of the plague pits in Westminster with Harding's stoneyard in Earl Street. Pepys writes in his "Diary," under date 1665:—"I was much

troubled to hear at Westminster how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle Fields, pretending want of room elsewhere, whereas the New Chapel Yard was walled in at the public charge in the last plague time merely for want of room; and now none but such as are able to pay dear for it can be buried there." The "new" Chapel is now the Church of St. Anne's, on the north side of Victoria Street, not far from Queen Anne's Gate.

It seems to be agreed on all hands, nowadays, that our chief protection against the plague is to be sought, not in strict quarantine regulations, but in improved sanitary arrangements. It is not a little singular, though recorded as a fact in evidence taken just sixty years ago before a Committee of the House of Commons, that none of the officers of our quarantine establishments, though constantly brought into contact with articles imported from infected regions, have ever been attacked by the plague. Generated and born from the miasma of low and swampy localities, the plague finds its congenial home in crowded streets and ill-ventilated courts and alleys. Most of these have been swept away from London and Westminster by the action of the Metropolitan Board of Works; but some vile plague-spots remain, especially about Gray's Inn Lane, White-

chapel, Lambeth, and Tothill Fields. The exemption of Oxford, in 1665, from the plague which caused such havoc in London is a plain proof of our assertion that good sanitary arrangements are the plague's real foes and best preventives; for that city enjoyed a complete immunity from its attacks, notwithstanding that the Royal Court, the Parliament, and the courts of law were all held there; and this result is ascribed by Dr. Plot and other writers to the excellent system of drainage carried out a century and a half before by Bishop Fox. Now, what was then done in Oxford to remedy its unhealthiness has since been done, to a great extent, by most of the leading cities of England and of Continental Europe. Accordingly, we find that the plague has not visited us since the days of Charles II., and Holland has experienced an exemption precisely parallel to our own country. Paris has not been attacked by the plague since 1668; and nearly a century and a half has elapsed since the plague of Marseilles, in spite of the constant intercourse of its citizens with the Levant and the ports of Eastern Europe.

A WALK ROUND THE SAVOY.

DOWN a narrow street leading from the Strand to the river, just before you reach the approach to Waterloo Bridge, going eastward from Charing Cross, you may see through the railings a small church standing in a well-ordered churchyard, whose scattered headstones are shadowed by the foliage of a few trees. From the old-world aspect of the place, its odd, irregular outline, and its air of quaint seclusion, the passer-by will at once see the building belongs to a period long antecedent to the present day.

The architectural traditions of this out-of-the-way nook go far back into the Plantagenet times, when the Strand was a wild track, with savage wastes or wildernesses stretching away into the open country, before Covent Garden was laid

out and enclosed, or Lincoln's Inn built; while the bank of the Thames, from Charing to the Temple, was covered with the inns or palaces of such great people as peers, bishops, ambassadors, off-shoots of royalty, and occasionally even royalty itself. Hence the epithet "luxurious Strand," which came to be applied to the thoroughfare thus richly inhabited on one side. In those ages the suburbs were considered dangerous, having neither lights, nor patrols, nor roads, and indeed hardly any population, except at wide and dreary intervals; consequently most of the noblemen and persons of estate dwelt within or near the city walls for security. To this circumstance may be ascribed the remarkable strength of these water-side structures, which were no less distinguished by their size and magnificence. The general effect of this succession of noble water-side residences, whether regarded from the north or the south, was picturesque and imposing; and what with their lofty walls, their court-yards and gardens extending to the brink of the "Silent Highway," their stately roofs, towers and water-gates, they realised that vision of power and splendour which one of the old chroniclers tells us was the prominent characteristic of ancient London.

Among those princely houses upwards of six

hundred years ago stood the Palace of the Savoy, so called after its possessor, Peter, Earl of Savoy, and uncle of Queen Eleanor, the wife of Henry III. The site of the palace had been bestowed upon the earl by the king; and the earl in turn bestowed the palace upon one of those religious fraternities into whose laps wealth and power rained down so bountifully in those times.

But Queen Eleanor was not willing to lose the pleasant demesne on the water-side, so she purchased it back again for her second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. This was in 1295, some fifty years after the palace was built. At a later date the old pile was repaired and almost rebuilt by Henry, first Duke of Lancaster. This creation led to the Savoy being erected into a Duchy, and the Jura Regalia of a County Palatine were fully vested in the duke, who had power to appoint his own chancellor and justices for pleas, together with fines and forfeitures, and pardons of life and members, and other liberties and rights belonging to a county palatine. Thus, as the place originally acquired the title of the Savoy, or the Precinct of the Savoy, from its first possessor, it now became known as the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster; and to this day the name is preserved in the surrounding district, the

office of the Duchy being in Lancaster Place, close by.

It was here that John, King of France, was held in captivity after he and his son Philip surrendered at the battle of Poitiers to Edward the Black Prince. But, although nominally a captive, he was really regarded as a guest of distinction. His entry into London was a sort of triumph. In the sumptuous chambers of the Savoy the King and Queen would frequently come and feast with him; and his "cousin" and conqueror, the Prince of Wales, would wait upon him at table. He was touched by this generous treatment; and, after he had been released by treaty, and had re-occupied his throne for three years in the midst of intestine discords, he returned to the Savoy to die.

The contemporary life of this old Lancastrian Palace is an indispensable element in its literary restoration. The England of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, which witnessed its building and its destruction, was marked by traits widely contrasted with those of our more advanced era. The upper classes spoke Norman and lived as Normans in their habits and fashions; the middle classes had not yielded extensively to the foreign influence which the Conquest had established at Court; and the lower classes were still strongly

Saxon. The word "comfort," originally Norman, and afterwards englished, and now generally but erroneously believed to have been always English, had not yet practically found its way into the homes of the people. The architecture of dwelling-houses was still primitive, showing, here and there, signs of struggling out into new forms and more elaborate designs. The material of which houses were built was generally timber; the windows were principally protected by lattices or shutters; glass was the costly monopoly of great establishments; the hall, as the chamber of rendezvous and festival, was still the most important apartment in houses of pretension, which were sometimes constructed of stone; the Anglô-Norman parlour, adopted from the *parloir*, or talking room of the monastic establishments, was beginning to be introduced into country houses; and minstrels also held their place of prominence in all wealthy households. The denizens of the West End in the nineteenth century have turned the night of our ancestors into day, and assigned to the four-and-twenty hours a series of functions that entirely reverse the old order of the domestic life. In the time when the Savoy flourished, people rose at five o'clock, and dined at nine or ten. Even later, in the Elizabethan age, the dinner hour had not advanced beyond eleven, and

in the comedies of the Restoration we find the jaded appetites of the fashionable rakes summoning them to the "ordinaries" about noon. The Savoy Palace never knew the luxury of a fork. There, as under humbler roofs, the guests ate with their fingers, a custom which imposed upon them the necessity of washing before and after meals; and so much stress was laid on this purifying process that it always took place on a signal from trumpeters or minstrels. Whatever may be thought of the habit of eating with the fingers, there was a rude grandeur at least in the notion of washing them to a burst of trumpets. On stepping out of the house into the streets, the visitor of that time would have beheld a spectacle of which we occasionally obtain glimpses nowadays through some very careful stage representations.

"The façades of the houses are everywhere fantastical and dissimilar; large sign boards project many feet into the causeway; there is no footway, and no rule of the pedestrian road; and you are compelled to make way by dint of force or stratagem, and to avoid contests for the wall as well as you can. Carriages are unknown to this great city in those early times; Flemish barbs and royal coaches have not yet come into vogue; and the only people who are conveyed through

the streets are the mounted horsemen, who prance and curvet amongst the crowd at considerable risk of mischief. The prevailing aspect of the people in the streets is that of a fraternity of lay monks. Everybody is dressed very nearly alike, the costume of the men consisting, for the most part, of a long loose gown, reaching to the heels, and fastened round the waist, the head being covered by a hood, variously shaped, according to the whim of the wearers. The hood is common to both sexes, the women wearing a capacious gown unconfined at the waist, and trailing far behind them in the mire, with a wimple round the neck, fastened up under the chin and above the ears, as if there were some ailment in the throat or jaws which it is desirable to conceal."

Lancaster, or Savoy, Palace, as it may be indifferently called, was not destined to enjoy a long tenure of security. Blanche Plantagenet, daughter of the first Duke of Lancaster, married her cousin, John Plantagenet, fourth son of Edward III., better known to historical legend as John of Gaunt; and by this marriage the Lancaster coronet, carried by the lady to her husband, continued to reign in the Savoy. It was in the time of the Duchess Blanche that the acquaintance began, which afterwards ripened into the most intimate friendship, between John of Gaunt and

the poet Chaucer, who had served in the expedition to France, and been made prisoner there; circumstances which helped materially to recommend him to the protection of the Duke. Sir Payne Roet, a native of Hainault, who came over to England in the retinue of Queen Philippa, had two daughters, one of whom, Katharine, entered the service of the Duchess Blanche, while the other, who bore the then popular name of Philippa, was taken into the Royal household as one of the maids of honour. To the latter lady Chaucer was married. His poem of "The Dream" is supposed to veil, under an elaborate allegory, allusions not only to his own courtship, but to the courtship and marriage of the Lady Blanche and the Duke, then Earl of Richmond, and only nineteen years old; and, if some of the interpretations which have been put upon "The Dream" be correct, Chaucer must have known the Duke before his marriage. But it is certain that their close relations grew up afterwards, when Philippa's sister was resident in the Savoy, and, subsequently, when Philippa, having left the Royal household, became attached to the person of the Duchess Constance, the second consort of John of Gaunt. Chaucer, therefore, may be presumed to have lived for some years in the Savoy, and not merely to have been received by the Duke as a frequent

guest; and the tradition which tells us that he wrote several of his poems here is, consequently, all the better entitled to credit.

The Duke married the Duchess Constance in 1371. Six years afterwards John of Gaunt, who had made himself obnoxious by his patronage of Wickliffe, had his palace attacked by the mob; and four years later, during the tumults of Wat Tyler's rebellion, the place underwent a short but violent siege. The palace was gutted and burned to the ground, its plate and other valuables were either destroyed or flung into the river, and several of the neighbouring houses, forming part of the Duchy, were blown up. The magnificent structure, which had been all throughout connected with the names and fortunes of kings, was thus in a few hours reduced to a heap of ruins, in which state, desolate and neglected, the Savoy continued to remain for upwards of one hundred and twenty years.

Of the vicissitudes through which the Duchy passed during that dreary interval it is hardly necessary to speak at large. Upon the death of John of Gaunt, the Duchy devolved on his son Henry, who afterwards became King of England under the style of Henry IV., when the estates of which the Duchy consisted were merged in the Crown. They were subsequently, by Act of Par-

liament, separated from the Crown; and, upon the union of the houses of York and Lancaster by Henry VII., they passed into a new phase.

On the site of the palace, the King, in 1505, erected an hospital, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, to receive and lodge nightly one hundred poor people. The buildings, left unfinished by the Royal projector, were completed by Henry VIII. The hospital was in exterior structure in the shape of a cross, with double rows of mullioned windows and embattled parapets, lozenged with flints, a friary on the north, and a guard-house at the west end, used as a receptacle for deserters, with quarters for thirty men and uncommissioned officers. According to old accounts, the building must have stood close upon the river, and the views which have been preserved of it show that it combined some pictorial effects with considerable solidity and strength.

The chapel, which was close to it, had more pretensions in the way of architectural beauty, and appears to have undergone no material revolutions either in itself or its immediate accessories since it was built, upwards of three hundred and fifty years ago. The little burial-ground, raised several steps above the floor of the chapel; the small tower, on the east side, at which a sentinel used to mount guard; and the diminutive trees

overshadowing the consecrated walls, and giving rather a picturesque character to the place, may still be seen pretty much as they existed in ages long past. The decorations of the interior, the rich and noble altar-piece, the delicate embellishments on the eastern and western sides of the great window, supposed to be the work of Sir Reginald Bray, and the exquisite roof, with its hundreds of quatrefoils, enclosing carved emblems on shields in endless variety, perished at the Reformation, and it is only of late that their glories have been revived.

The chapel survived the hospital, which, in 1553, was given up to Edward VI., who transferred its revenues to the then newly-erected Bridewell and Christ's Hospital. Subsequent attempts were made by Mary and Elizabeth to restore the original uses of the building, but without much success. The place had suffered an utter change in its character, and had become a nursery of rogues and refugees from justice, who took shelter within the precinct that they might claim the protection of the master of the hospital. This mastership of the Savoy was an office much sought after as one of those "easy cushions" reserved for the repose of men of merit or favourites of the great. Cowley, the poet, had long sought the appointment, which was promised

to him by Charles I., but the Restoration called into existence a new class of candidates, and Killigrew was nominated to the post. To this disappointment we owe Cowley's "Complaint," and the epithet of "Savoy-missing Cowley," which has come to us from the State poems.

At different times the hospital, although falling into rapid decadence, was found available for use. During the Dutch war, sung by Dryden, it was thrown open to receive the sick and wounded; but about that period, or shortly after, a great portion of it was injured by fire. The hospital was finally dissolved in 1702, and its last relics were swept away in order to make room for the building of Waterloo Bridge.

Early in the last century the old Savoy House, as the remains of the hospital were called, was in a ruinous condition. It was tenanted by tailors and cobblers and other handicraftsmen, who plied their various avocations in its spacious apartments, a not altogether inappropriate purpose to convert them to, for here in this old Savoy House, in 1552, was established the first manufactory of glass set up in England. The west end was used as a prison for deserters, impressed men, convict soldiers and other military offenders; and the gateway to that quarter bore up to the last the arms of Henry VII., and the badges of the rose,

fleur-de-lis, and portcullis. The place in its latter days gained a different kind of celebrity, for here the Independents met in 1658 to frame their famous declaration of faith, and here, in 1661, the Savoy Conference was held for the revision of the Liturgy.

The precinct of the Savoy, notwithstanding the decline and fall of the hospital, its chief structure, contained many commodious houses, and held a busy population. The King's presses were for many years maintained here, and here all Proclamations, Acts of Parliament, and Gazettes were issued. Here, too, the books of the Royal Society, and other contributions to popular and scientific literature, were produced, as we learn from the title-page of the "*Angliæ Notitia*," now lying before us, which informs us that the work was "printed in the Savoy by T. N. for John Martyn, printer to the Royal Society, at the Bell in St. Paul's Churchyard, in the year 1671."

Besides the Royal chapel, which was assigned to the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand on the destruction of the old church by the Protector Somerset, there were churches, or congregations, established for the Dutch, High Germans, French, and Lutherans, and also Protestant dissenters. But the chapel of the Savoy alone possessed the privilege of sanctuary, and this circumstance drew

into the place the worst characters, and often led to serious consequences. Whenever an attempt was made to follow a debtor or other offender into the precinct, the mob assembled and executed summary vengeance, in accordance with the wild customs of the locality. In 1696 a creditor went into the Savoy to demand a debt from one who had taken sanctuary there. The population immediately poured out from every nook and corner, seized the unfortunate creditor, tarred and feathered him, and in that condition conveyed him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him to the maypole, where they left him.

The chapel did not entirely escape the contagion of the moral atmosphere by which it was surrounded. The clergymen who officiated here little more than a hundred years ago, emulated the traffic in contraband marriages which, about that time, as we have seen, was being profitably carried on in May Fair and the Fleet. These marriages were duly advertised in the newspapers; and intending runaways were informed that lovers were united, not only with privacy, but with decency and regularity; that there were no less than five private ways by land and two by water to this secret temple of Hymen; and that this imposing ceremony, which no man could put aside, was performed at the small charge of one

guinea, including a five-shilling stamp. This nefarious trade was ultimately put down by Act of Parliament, but not till some examples were made of parsons who persisted in violating the law. One of the last transgressors was the father of Tate Wilkinson, afterwards a theatrical manager of renown. The reverend gentleman, his father, pursuing his illicit practices at the Savoy, was informed against by Garrick, tried, and transported.

But the Savoy bequeaths to us pleasanter memories than these. Fuller was a lecturer in the chapel, and may possibly have written some part of his "Worthies" on this spot; Alexander Cruden, the author of the "Concordance," lived here; and here Jacob Tonson had a warehouse. Many persons of distinction are buried within and without the walls, and had monuments in the chapel, which are now destroyed. Amongst them occur the names of Douglas, Dalhousie, Chaworth, and Rokeby; Wither, the poet, who sleeps between the east door and south end of the church; Anne Killigrew, poet and painter, "born to the spacious empire of the Nine," whose father, the facetious Tom Killigrew, was Master of the Savoy, and with whose memory a gentleman is said to have fallen in love from merely seeing her picture and reading her poems; Gavin Douglas,

who translated Virgil; and D. Cameron, the last person who suffered for the Rebellion of 1745, and to whom a monument was erected one hundred years after the battle of Culloden.

Her Majesty Queen Victoria has always shown a zealous interest in the Savoy Chapel. In 1843 she put it into thorough repair, and when it was burned down, in 1864, she restored it and beautified it without regard to cost.

P.S.—Since the above paper was in type I have seen “Memorials of Savoy,” by its chaplain, the Rev. Henry White, too late to avail myself, however, of its guidance—a disappointment which I deeply regret.—E. W.

CHESTERFIELD HOUSE.

(1869.)

THAT London is growing is an obvious truth ; and, alas, equally true is it that old London is dying, for everywhere around us we see proofs of its decay, though, phoenix-like, new buildings spring up on the ashes of the old. We need not recapitulate the palaces of the vanished past, for such names as the Savoy and Whitehall are as household words, but we linger with regret on those which pass before our very eyes ; landmarks in the streets, whose names connect themselves with the proud families of the earth, and with pages of history recorded in the closed volumes of bygone times. Amongst these we tremble to hear the possible doom of Chesterfield House, so rich in the associations of the past hundred years, built by the great Earl of Chesterfield only twenty years or so after the creation of

South Audley Street, where before had lain "the land of Mr. Audley." There were open fields, with gates and hedges, in close proximity to the Hay Market, and May Fair, and the house stood between a court and a garden, which, as its builder remarked, was "very rare in London." There was room enough too for his tomb close at hand, for the body of the worthy Earl lies interred in a vault of the neighbouring "Grosvenor Chapel."

Philip Dormer Stanhope was the son of Philip, the third Earl of Chesterfield, and Lady Elizabeth Savile, daughter of the Marchioness of Halifax, who superintended her grandson's education till his eighteenth year, when he went to Cambridge. After his university career he spent a few years in foreign travel, mixing freely with the best society of the chief continental towns, and at the Hague, adding to his many accomplishments the pernicious habit of gaming. While at Paris he received his final polish under the tuition of the beauties of that place, and no doubt gained much of the experience which forms the groundwork of the advice in his Letters, which he afterwards transcribed for the very questionable benefit of his son.

Before the death of his father he sat in the House of Commons as the representative of two

Cornish towns, St. Germans and Lostwithiel. After the year 1726 he distinguished himself in the House of Lords by his great eloquence, which, Dr. Maty says, "though the fruit of study and imitation, was in great measure his own. Equal to most of his contemporaries in elegance and perspicuity, perhaps surpassed by some in strength, he could have no competitors in choice of imagery, taste, urbanity, and graceful irony."

His Court favour varied greatly. During the life of George I. he was appointed gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales; but on that prince's accession as George II. in 1727, he was greatly disappointed by the absence of that royal favour which he conceived he had a right to expect. He was, however, in the following year appointed Ambassador to Holland, where he greatly distinguished himself by his diplomatic talent; and it was at the expiration of his four years' service there that, on his return to England, he joined a strong opposition against Walpole, and afterwards, incurring the decided enmity of the King, he was dismissed from his situation of Lord High Steward with marks of strong resentment. There are various stories as to the radical cause of the King's dislike to the brilliant statesman, but probably any one of them would have been sufficient to create at the least a decided

coldness. Archdeacon Coxe's version of it is confirmed by Walpole, who was concerned in it, in his memoir of George II.; but there is a discrepancy as to dates, and a tone of improbability about some of the details, which throw more than a shadow of doubt over the whole. Briefly, it runs to the following effect; that Chesterfield had ardently desired the post of Secretary of State, and an arrangement had been made in his favour; that upon this he had an audience of the Queen, to which he was introduced by Walpole, and that immediately after he paid a longer visit to Lady Suffolk, the then reigning favourite, than was approved of by the Queen, who thereupon procured that his appointment should not take place. Here it may be remarked that Chesterfield had been intimately acquainted with Mrs. Howard long before she had attracted the notice of Queen Caroline or George II.; and further that, having been created Countess of Suffolk in 1731, and thus set at her ease as to money matters, she was well disposed to leave the Court, but did not do so till 1735, three years after the dismissal of Chesterfield, to which Archdeacon Coxe represents her retirement as the ominous preliminary!

Walpole agrees in his account of the indiscretion of Chesterfield, and it appears that it was not till two years before the Earl's death that he was

informed by Horace Walpole himself that the cause of his disgrace was his having offended the Queen by paying court to Lady Suffolk. Be this as it may, there was another and more probable cause for the Royal dislike, which lay in his marriage with the daughter of George I. and the Duchess of Kendal, Melosina de Schulenberg, created in her own right Countess of Walsingham, and considered, as long as her father lived, one of the wealthiest heiresses in the kingdom. George I. himself opposed the inclinations of his tall, fair-haired, and graceful daughter, in consequence of Chesterfield's notorious addiction to gambling; but a very few months after Chesterfield's dismissal from Court, on his return from Holland, saw Lady Walsingham become Lady Chesterfield. Her husband's house in Grosvenor Square was next door to that of the Duchess of Kendal, whose society he much frequented; and it was she who suggested legal measures respecting a will of the late King, which George II. was said to have suppressed and destroyed, and by which, as the Duchess alleged, a splendid provision had been made for Lady Walsingham; and at last, rather than submit to a judicial examination of the affair, George II. compromised the suit by a payment of £20,000 to the Earl and Countess of Chesterfield. These things were not likely to smooth the way

for the return of the ex-Lord Steward to St. James's, nor was it facilitated by his inveterate habit of ridiculing and disparaging the Electorate and all its concerns, which he continued to practise down to his dying day.

His marriage took place in 1733; fourteen years after, in 1747, he commenced building the "rather fine house," as he describes it, in South Audley Street, which still perpetuates his name. When the famous boudoir of blue damask and gold, of which so much has been said, and more hinted, was finished, and to which Madame de Monconseil contributed two magnificent *bras de porcelaine*, which stood for more than a century on each side of the costly mantelpiece, the lordly owner took possession of the house, a year before the other rooms were finished, their slow progress greatly vexing him. In this same year (1748) he retired from the office of principal Secretary of State, to which the King had been constrained by his undoubted talent to appoint him, and thus, at the early age of fifty-four, resigned finally the cares of official life. It was during this last brief tenure of the seals that Dr. Johnson's eagerly-sought introduction to him took place. The then unknown author, whose Dictionary, now a great fact, was then merely an idea floating in the brain of an apparently ordinary mortal, waited in the

ante-room of the Secretary of State ; and when, having seen Colley Cibber preferred before him, he was at last admitted to his Lordship's presence, he received, besides an approval of his plan, a donation of ten guineas. Not many months before he had received fifteen guineas for "The Vanity of Human Wishes." And many years after, he remarked to Boswell, "Sir, ten pounds were to me at that time a great sum." His remark on Lord Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son" is well known—"Take out the immorality, and the book should be put into the hands of every young gentleman."

What was thus wanting in both Lord Chesterfield's writing and character—morality—was well supplied by his wife ; for this daughter of a Dutchwoman and a Hanoverian king was a devoted follower of the Countess of Huntingdon's sect, and an ardent admirer of Whitefield, a preacher in whom she delighted, and in whose "Tabernacle" she often sat. Her exemplary conduct to her husband during his life, even when he preferred the blue boudoir and its guests to the Calvinistic preachings at Moorfields or Tottenham Court Road, was continued through the infirmities of old age, through which she tended him with unwearied devotion ; and after his death she showed the most anxious concern for his memory, whilst

Dr. Maty's eulogistic memoir remains the monument of her tenderness. She also showed almost maternal regard to her husband's son, whose useless life would have caused his memory to perish long ere now, but for the Letters addressed to him. It was this son of Madame de Bouchet who provoked from an unknown pen the following lines, which, from the little known that is known of Mr. Philip Stanhope, we may hope are unjustly severe :

" Vile Stanhope—Demons blush to tell—
 In twice two hundred places,
 Has shown his son the road to H——
 Escorted by the Graces.
 But little did th' ungenerous lad
 Concern himself about them ;
 For base, degenerate, meanly bad,
 He sneaked to H—— without them."

The original design of Chesterfield House was made by Isaac Ware, the editor of "Palladio." The interior of it was embellished by its owner with elaborate taste, and amongst the historic relics which it contains may be mentioned a basket of copper gilt for eighteen candles, which Lord Chesterfield bought at the sale at Houghton (see Robert Walpole's seat in Norfolk), and "the *manuscript*" attached to a *manuscript* Letters, meaning *manuscript* which came from that

wonder of short-lived splendour, Canons,* which Pope has so keenly satirised as "Timon's Villa."

After the death of his son in 1763, the infirmities of age increased rapidly, and the remainder of Lord Chesterfield's life wore a cast of melancholy, almost of despondency. In March, 1773, he departed this life, at the age of seventy-nine, and was succeeded in title and estates by his godson, a distant cousin, Philip Stanhope, descended from Arthur, the youngest son of the first Earl. From him descends the present Earl, who, however, has never inhabited this fine house; but, having till recently let it to the Duke of Abercorn, has lately sold it to Mr. C. Magniac, who, whilst carefully preserving the house, has given up the garden behind it and the land on either side for building other mansions almost equal to it in splendour.

Chesterfield House itself has many fine points, and in others, it must be owned, it is slightly disappointing. Passing from the porter's lodge across a noble court paved with stones, and enter-

* Canons was built by James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, at the village of Edgware, eight miles from London, at an expense of £250,000, in the early part of the eighteenth century, only to be taken down after his death in 1774, and sold piecemeal. We may mention, in passing, that the equestrian statue of George I., now decorating Leicester Square, came from thence.

ing the hall, the visitor cannot fail to be struck by the grand marble staircase, up and down which the great Duke of Chandos must have walked when it stood beneath his own palatial roof at Canons. And, apart from historical traditions, it is really a staircase for *ideas* to mount, especially when one is met on its first landing, not only by busts of Pitt and Fox, but by a lofty clock, apparently of antique French construction, and which looks as though it had at some time or other chimed out the hours at Versailles, long ere gay courtiers there perceived the shadow of the scaffold cast by the coming event of the "Great" Revolution.

Entering the music-room by means of this same staircase, we confess to some sense of disappointment. Not of course that we had expected to be greeted by any harmony of sweet sounds, any music from the spheres; but that the symbolism of decoration on the walls, on the ceiling, and the mantel-piece, might on the whole have been more graceful and more appropriate than it is, considering that the two fiddles in bas-relief, gilt and crossed one over the other, are scarcely to be compared in appearance with harps, lyres, &c., the usual metaphorical tributes to the Muse of Melody, the Muse of Apollo, of Orpheus, and of Sappho; and that one is more reminded of the

violinists who played prominent parts at the Court of France in the reign of Louis XIV. and at the beginning of that of Louis XV. than of the divine origin of music itself, which such a room ought to suggest. More pleasingly reminded, however, of that same Court is the visitor on descending to the reception rooms on the lower floor, and entering the drawing-room, which is especially called the French room. There, not only do the panelling of the walls and the construction of the various pieces of furniture transport one back to the glories of the *ancien régime* of the time when Chesterfield enjoyed its society; but the looking-glasses, one over the fire-place and another facing it, appear as though they had mirrored that society, and not only mirrored but *multiplied* it; for these looking-glasses, being severally formed of various panels, fit, mosaic-like, one into another; and, as the divisions of these panels are ornamented by wreaths of painted flowers, the beholder is reproduced again and again, and, in many a fantastic form, may judge of himself under various, not to say versatile, aspects.

In one of the apartments—another drawing-room to which this French salon leads us—hangs a large chandelier, formed of pendent crystal, which once belonged to Napoleon I.

Historically this chandelier is so luminous in interest that it requires a narrative to itself; but the effect of it is somewhat heavy owing to the large size of the crystal drops. The mantel-shelf in this room is classically beautiful; and amongst the pictures on the walls is a fine copy of Titian's Venus, the original of which—if we remember aright—hangs in the Uffizii Gallery at Florence.

But, perhaps, the most interesting apartment in the whole house is the library. There, where Lord Chesterfield used to sit and write, still stand the books which it is only fair to suppose that he read—books of wide-world and enduring interest, and which stand in goodly array one row above another by hundreds. High above them, in separate panels, are “kit-cat” sized portraits of all the great English poets and dramatists down to the time of Chesterfield, and around the cornice of the ceiling runs the Horatian motto

“Nunc veterum libris nunc somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliviam vitæ.”

In another room, not far from the library, one seems to gain an idea of the noble letter-writer's daily life, for it is a room which has not only its ante-chamber, in which the aspirants for his lordship's favour were sometimes kept waiting*

* The ante-room is immortalized in Mr. E. M. Ward's pic-

—aspirants to favour who afterwards in various paths of life achieved fame far transcending that of their then patron—but on its garden-side a stone or marble terrace, overlooking the large garden stretching out in lawn and flower-beds behind the house. Upon this terrace Chesterfield doubtless often walked snuff-box in hand, and in company with some choice friends—let us say from France—friends with whom he might gossip of matters connected with the courts, and camps, and cabinets of his day. Where are they now? And how long will the nineteenth century be still reminded of their traditions by a visit to Chesterfield House? Is this house doomed after all to perish and to pass away, like Canons? or will it stand till the west end of London has migrated to Kensington?

The house itself, it may be added, stands on land which originally belonged to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and who granted to Lord Chesterfield a long lease on terms which he probably thought hard. At all events when he ture, “Dr. Johnson in the ante-room of Lord Chesterfield.” In this picture the Canons staircase is well shown in the background. Mr. P. Cunningham, in his “Hand Book for London,” expresses a doubt as to the identity of the room with the transaction mentioned above, supposing that Lord Chesterfield did not reside here in 1749, which we have shown above to be a mistake.

drew up his will he added to it a clause to the effect that if he should at any time keep or be concerned in keeping race-horses or hounds, or should spend a night at Newmarket, "that infamous seminary of ill manners," during race time, or should "resort" to the said races, or lose in any one day by gaming or betting as much as £500, he should forfeit £5,000 out of his inheritance to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster! "This last sentence," writes Lord Mahon, in his "History of England," "contains a lively touch of satire. The Earl had found or believed he had found the Chapter of Westminster of that day exorbitant and grasping in their negotiations with him for the land for building Chesterfield House; and he declared that he now inserted their names in his will, because he felt sure that, if the penalty should be incurred, they would not be remiss in claiming it."

THE HERMIT OF GRUB-STREET.

AMONG the many eccentric characters who have made their abode in the "crowded loneliness" of this great metropolis was one who, though no miser, lived for many years the hidden life of a recluse or secular hermit in Grub Street, Cripplegate. His name was Henry Welby, and he was a member of one of the best families of Lincolnshire, that of the Welbies of Denton, near Grantham, now represented by Sir William Welby-Gregory, Bart.

This "noble and virtuous gentleman" must have been born at the end of the reign of King Edward VI., for in 1592, when he settled in London, he is said to have been about forty years of age. It appears that he had studied at one of the universities, and been made a student of one of the Inns of Court; had spent some years,

according to the prevailing fashion, in foreign travel; and had married and settled down in his native country, where he lived in comfort on an income of about £1000 a-year in the exercise of hospitality, as became a country squire, until his only daughter grew up to womanhood, and had become the wife of a Yorkshire gentleman, Sir Christopher Hilliard. It is said, and probably with truth—though I fear it would be impossible at the interval of three centuries to verify the statement—that he was universally esteemed and beloved among his neighbours, and especially among his poorer tenantry, when the whole course and manner of his life was changed by a casual occurrence which, however, took such an entire possession of his mind, that he resolved to fly from society once and for ever.

The occurrence is thus told in the *Mirror*: “A younger brother, a mere lad, with whom he had some difference of opinion, waylaid him in a field and snapped a pistol at him, as he at first believed, only as a boyish protest, and without any intention of killing him or of doing him any real bodily harm. Indeed Mr. Welby did not at first believe that the weapon was loaded, and so contented himself with taking it away from his antagonist, and dropping it carelessly into his pocket. On reaching home, however, he found in

the pistol a couple of bullets. He appears immediately on this to have formed the resolution of ceasing all familiar intercourse with mankind in general. He at once became the tenant of a good-sized house at the lower end of Grub Street, now known as Milton Street, at that time rather a famous thoroughfare, but afterwards still more noted as having given birth to the author of *Paradise Lost*. Three rooms of the house he had furnished plainly for his own sole use, as bed-room, dining-room, and study respectively, the rest of the dwelling being left to the servants, for it appears that he had lost his wife before the marriage of his daughter. As the three rooms led into each other, he was able to keep entirely out of sight and out of hearing, even while his meals were being laid or his bed made by an ancient maid or waiting-woman named Elizabeth—the only person who was privileged to see him for forty-four years.”

The story goes on to describe his mode of life in detail, and especially his vegetarian diet: “Mr Welby abjured all animal food during the whole of this period, living principally on oatmeal porridge, with a salad of green herbs in the summer time, and on high festivals the yolk of an egg, with a slice out of the middle of a loaf and a little jam or a few sweetmeats. His drink was

table beer, and occasionally 'red cow's milk;' but, though he observed this simple mode of living, a liberal table was kept by him for his domestics, and entertainment was provided for any tenant or other visitor who had business to transact at his house."

In the midst of his hermit life, however, he was not wholly the "world forgetting," for we are told that he kept up his acquaintance with the literature of the age, reading every new work that was published, except such as related to controversy. These he laid aside unread, considering, doubtless, that the squabbles and wranglings of schoolmen and casuists were beneath the notice of one who had abjured all intercourse with mankind. Yet he had a due sense of respect for religion, and would appear to have been a sound Churchman at heart, though he never darkened the door of Cripplegate Church, for he "faithfully observed all the holy days." In this respect, no doubt, his house was managed on a different plan from that of his Puritan neighbours, the Miltons, scribes, across the way, for "he ordered the dishes appropriate to those festivals to be carried into his dining-room along with a goodly quantity of wine." On such occasions, after reverently saying grace, he would tie his napkin under his chin, draw on a pair of clean holland

sleeves, and carving brawn, beef, goose, and capon in succession, he would send dinners to his poorer neighbours till the dishes were emptied. This done, he returned thanks, took off his sleeves again with all due form and ceremony, and gave orders for the tables to be cleared against supper-time, when the process was repeated, but without tasting or touching anything himself.

Such being the case, we may be sure that the "Hermit of Grub Street" was a very popular man in his neighbourhood, and was perhaps all the more wondered at because of the mysterious loneliness in which he shrouded his existence. Beggars and worthless vagrants indeed, hearing of his charity, flocked in numbers around his doors and clamoured for relief, but they did not always obtain what they wanted; indeed, if the truth must be told, they were often "sent about their business" rather summarily. But, looking down from a private window in a nook of his lonely bedroom, he would frequently watch for the sick, weakly, and lame, as objects of his charity. These were often surprised by a message sent after them inviting them to come to his house, where they were not only fed but clothed, and sometimes taken care of by the old house-keeper for two or three days, at the end of which time they were sent on their way rejoicing, with

money in their pockets for their journey. If a poor labouring man in his neighbourhood had a larger family than he could well support in comfort, somehow or other the unseen and mysterious benefactor was sure to hear of the case; and he was so well informed of the real circumstances of matters going on in the outer world, that a proper distinction was observed between the idle and the industrious, the latter alone being relieved, and all without ostentation or wounding their proper pride.

“Mr. Welby,” writes the author before-mentioned, “was no exception to the ordinary rule which seems to ordain that those who retire from the ordinary duties of society live on for lingering years in the monotony of their own company. Happily for himself, he had not neglected the higher duties and responsibilities of humanity and religion; so that when he died at last at eighty-four years of age, and was carried from the house, over the threshold of which he had never stepped for nearly half a century, there were not wanting some sincere mourners in his neighbourhood.” This, it must be owned, is a high testimony to his character and work. During the whole time of his long seclusion, Mr. Welby’s hair and beard had been allowed to grow at their own will—a great mark of eccentricity at that

time ; so that, as Grainger remarks in his *Biographical History of England*, “his plain garb, his long and silver beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert or hermit of the wilderness, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous City.”

If any of our readers should wish for further information respecting Mr. Welby's personal biography, they will find it quaintly recorded in a scarce pamphlet, published shortly after his death, and entitled, “The Phoenix of these Late Times ; or, the History of Henry Welby, Esq., who lived at his House in Grub Street Forty Years, and in that space was never seen by any, and there died, October 29th, 1636, aged 84.” It only remains to be added that Mr. Welby's bones repose in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate.

There is a likeness of Mr. Welby in the “Phoenix,” to which it serves as a frontispiece ; but it would be difficult to prove its authenticity, seeing that Mr. Welby never sat for his portrait, at all events during his later years. It is probable that it was from the biographical pamphlet which I have quoted above that the author of the “Fool of Quality” drew one of his leading characters.

ELY CHAPEL, HOLBORN.

AT the eastern extremity of Holborn, nearly opposite to St. Andrew's Church, is a quaint enclosure—for it is scarcely a street—known as Ely Place. An imposing beadle, like a second Cerberus, guards its portals, for not only is it extra-parochial, but it is exempt from the jurisdiction of the City or Metropolitan police; and it possesses, or possessed till lately, the privilege of "sanctuary" and freedom from arrest for debt. And this, not because it was ever a royal palace, but as being in old times the town-house of the Bishops of Ely, who resided here for some five centuries, down to the early part of the reign of George III.

It would seem that the connection of this spot with the wealthy and important see of Ely dates nearly six hundred years back, for it was John de

Kirkby, Bishop of Ely, who, at his death in 1290, bequeathed this property to his successors, in order to build themselves a new hostel or hostelry, instead of one which they had occupied nearer to Lincoln's Inn. Who actually built the first Episcopal palace here, is uncertain; but we know that the very next Bishop of Ely, one William de Luda, erected the exquisite chapel which still stands to the present day, as if to remind us that, whilst homes and hearths perish, things divine alone are eternal. The chapel was erected about the same time as Westminster Hall, to which it bears many points of resemblance.

Another Bishop of Ely, named Hotham, added to the messuage and hostel an orchard and vineyard; and in the course of the next two centuries the palace was much beautified and improved, one of its chief benefactors being Archbishop Arundel, who erected a gate-house in front, looking southwards to Holborn, in the stone work of which Stow tells us that his arms were to be seen in his day. Camden also describes Ely Palace as "well beseeming a bishop to live in."

The Reformation does not seem to have wrought any great change in this place; but in the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was torn rather rudely from the see of Ely, and handed over by the "Virgin Queen," on a long lease, to Sir Christo-

pher Hatton, who contrived to fix his own name on the estate to the extent of calling its garden after his own name, Hatton Garden.

However, in due course the Church claimed its own successfully, though no one exactly knows how it came to succeed in the claim. But in 1772 the then Bishop of Ely transferred to the Crown his rights, and those of his successors, in Ely Place, on condition of a new palace being built for them in the more courtly neighbourhood of Dover Street, Piccadilly.

Ely Palace is rich in its historic reminiscences. Here John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," spent the last years of his life, and here he died, as is well known to every reader of Shakespeare. Here lived Henry Radclyffe, Earl of Sussex, for he writes to his Countess from Ely Place to tell her of the death of Henry VIII. It was afterwards the residence of the Earl of Warwick (subsequently Duke of Northumberland); and here, as Mr. Walter Thornbury tells us, "the Council met and planned the conspiracy which resulted in the execution of the Protector Somerset." The readers of Shakespeare will remember another fact in connection with Ely Place, namely, that its gardens were remarkable for the fineness of their strawberries. Witness the speech of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. :—

“ My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw some good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.”

After the death of Sir Christopher Hatton, Elizabeth's dancing Chancellor, Ely Palace was tenanted by his widow, who here was courted by Sir Edward Coke and Lord Bacon. The rich prize was carried off by the former; but it proved anything but a satisfactory match, and so the couple separated. Lady Hatton, who bore the character of a very “strange” lady, died here in 1646. During her tenancy, part of the extensive buildings composing the palace were let to the Spanish Ambassador, Gondomar, who continued to use the chapel for Mass, as being a Catholic.

During the war between King Charles and the Parliament, Ely Palace was turned to account as a hospital, and a prison as well. The gate-house, however, was taken down, and the crypt of the chapel used as a drinking rendezvous.

The great hall, when it still stood entire in all its majesty and state, was frequently lent to the ruling powers of the Inns of Court, for the performance of masques, mysteries, and other festivities, such as those with which the elections of new sergeants-at-law were celebrated, especially in the days of the Tudors. On one occasion an entertainment here was witnessed by Henry VIII.

and Queen Catharine of Arragon. Stow describes at length the various courses of the feast, and indeed gives us the *menu* entire. The last "mystery" performed in Ely Palace is worthy of note, as having been also the last "miracle play" that was publicly exhibited in England. It was "Christ's Passion," and was performed one Good Friday evening in the reign of James I., whilst Gondomar, the Spanish Ambassador, was tenant of the place.

The chapel, as said above, is all that now remains of the once proud palace of the Bishops of Ely. It is a very perfect specimen of the Geometric Decorated style, and is dedicated to St. Etheldreda, a Saxon saint, daughter of a king of the West Angles—the same who is regarded as the foundress of Ely Cathedral. She died whilst presiding as Abbess over a religious house at Ely in 679. When the Bishops of Ely sold this estate to the Crown, the chapel, was regarded as a somewhat useless bit of lumber, and remained empty for some years. It was then let to the National Society as a school-room, and afterwards, in 1843, to the Welch Episcopalians as a chapel. By the agency of this body it was stuffed full of lofty and unsightly pews, with a "three-decker" pulpit desk, and hideous galleries, which blocked up the exquisite tracery of its

windows and the covering of its canopied sedilia, though happily they left the walls of the fabric uninjured.

The chief beauty of the chapel is in its interior. There are no external buttresses, and the window-tracery is nearly flush with the external walls; by this means the full thickness of the wall is realised from the interior of the building, and a wonderful effect of solidity and massiveness is obtained; this, so to speak, is artistically toned down by a veil of delicate columns, with carved capitals and rich mouldings. These columns are in the first case applied to the window-tracery, and again on the inner angle of the window-reveal they form themselves into a cluster, which above, on its carved caps, supports the window-arches and crocketed gablets, uniting the window-arches in a continuous arcade, and below stands on a boldly projecting string-course which runs round the building. At the floor-level was a stone base, also running round the building, which is being restored from old fragments found on the site. On the piers between the window-clusters and under the crocketed gablets or canopies projected broadly-carved corbels, which from their position and size indicate that they once carried life-sized statues—probably of the Twelve Apostles. Immediately

above the window-arcade is placed the roof wall-plate. The east and west ends of the chapel are pierced by splendid tracery windows, both of five lights; the west window is remarkably pure in style, and very bold in conception; the east window, if less effective, is more ingenious in its design. It is a curious feature in this window that, whether we take only one or two, three or four, of the whole five lights, we find that each, taken separately and with its attendant tracery, forms a perfect window. In the south-east corner are remains of the sedilia, and at the north-west and south-west ends are doors simply perfect in their purity of design. At this west end no doubt a screen formerly existed, forming a sort of ante-chapel, and shutting off the outer entrances from the body of the church. Externally we find that four octagonal turrets fortified the angles, and that the wall-veil (as Mr. Ruskin calls it) consisted of a continuous arcade formed by the window-arches and the intervening gabled canopies; these canopies taking the place almost invariably occupied by buttresses in mediæval buildings; probably statues, supported on short columns, stood under them.

The building has many original features. As the ground on which it is built sloped down towards the Fleet river, an undercroft was first

constructed about seven feet in height; by this expedient the western floor of the edifice was brought to a level with the highest point of the surrounding ground, and the eastern end was raised to a corresponding extent. The floor of the chapel was supported by a line of oaken posts, which carried a great central beam running from east to west; upon this were placed the oak joints, about a foot square, which, resting on the set-off the northern and southern walls, met in the centre. The walls of the undercroft are upwards of seven feet in thickness.

From this slight description an idea may perhaps be formed of the simplicity, originality, and power which guided the erection of the buildings. It may be mentioned that an old engraving shows a bold cornice and pierced parapet as crowning the building; the roof was originally covered with lead. To show how one mind carried out its conception in every minor detail, varying the rhythm but not the motive (to borrow a musical expression) of the mouldings; to show how delicacy alternated with boldness of feature where art and nature required it—would need many illustrations and sectional drawings; and to appreciate the skill of the old “art workman” in technical points a visit to the building itself is needful. The restoration aims at being thoroughly

conservative in all that is architectural and artistic. The crypt has been deepened in order to be made serviceable as a second church ; and the eastern end of the upper church is slightly changed from what must have been its original appearance by the necessary presence of an organ and choir-stalls: It may be noted that no bottom was found to the foundations at ten feet below the crypt-floor.

In 1874, the chapel, and the adjoining house, were ordered to be sold under the authority of the Court of Chancery, on account of a lawsuit among the heirs of the individual who had bought it from the Crown just a century before ; and it was purchased by the Fathers of the Order of Charity, who at once commenced the work of restoration, in order to fit it once more for Catholic services. The crypt, which was filled with earth and manure and beer barrels, was presently excavated and fitted up for service ; the roof of the chapel above was restored timber by timber and tile by tile ; the walls were scraped from their coats of whitewash ; the pews were pulled down and turned out of doors ; the windows were filled with tracery of the same pattern as that executed in the reign of Edward III. ; and painted glass, the gift of the Duke of Norfolk, was inserted in the eastern window, the tracery

of which had never been destroyed; and before many months are over, probably on the twelve-hundredth anniversary of St. Etheldreda's death, High Mass will be sung within its walls.

Mr. Walter Thornbury records an amusing incident which occurred in Ely Chapel a century and a-half ago, on the arrival of the news of the defeat of the young Chevalier by the Duke of Cumberland, at Culloden. "The clerk allowed his loyalty to overcome his devotion, and struck up a lively ditty in praise of the reigning family." Cowper thought this incident worth recording in his *Task*:—

"So in the chapel of old Ely House,
When wandering Charles, who meant to be the Third,
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
And eke did roar right merrily two staves,
Sung to the praise and glory of King George."

Evelyn in his "Diary" twice mentions having been present in Ely Chapel at public services; firstly, at the consecration of Dr. Williams, as Bishop of Chester, and secondly, at the marriage of his own daughter Susanna, when the ceremony was performed by Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

In the crypt under the chapel were found in 1874, the bones of several persons, apparently,

ten or a dozen. Some of these, in all probability, were the remains of people killed at the "fatal vespers" in Blackfriars, by the fall of the flooring of a Roman Catholic Chapel, in Hunsdon House in that precinct, in 1623. These bones were collected, and decently re-interred elsewhere.

THE TABARD INN, SOUTHWARK.

BY the demolition of the famous "Tabard," in the Borough, one of the most picturesque and interesting relics of old London, another of the rusty and time-worn links which connected the past with the present has been swept away. For ages, Southwark, and particularly that part of it known as the High Street, has been very naturally celebrated for its inns. After the Norman Conquest, the great ecclesiastics appear to have become partial to the suburbs on the south side of the river. The proud Bishop Odo, of Bayeux, had, in the time of the Domesday survey, "one monastery and one harbour" here, which had previously belonged to the Anglo-Saxon kings, and which probably implied that he had a residence here also. The Bishops of Rochester and Winchester, had each a palace

close by St. Saviour's Church; the Prior of Lewes and the Abbots of St. Augustine and of Battle occupied houses in the same neighbourhood; whilst the Abbots of Hyde, or Hide, near Winchester, had a hostel by the side of the High Street, or great road. In those far-off times, old London Bridge was the only entrance into the City for traffic and travellers from the south of the Thames; and as in the middle ages, strangers visiting a large city like London, especially if they arrived late in the day, used to take up their lodgings outside the gates—to say nothing of the pilgrims, of whom we shall make mention hereafter—some of the principal inns for the accommodation of travellers were built along the line of approach.

Accordingly, on both sides of the High Street of Southwark, a thoroughfare wide for the older ages of street-building, and lined on each side with venerable-looking houses, most of which turned their gables to it, stood many of these ancient hostelries; whilst the locality has held a reputation for strong ale from very remote ages. An old couplet, which we have somewhere met with, runs thus—

“The nappy strong ale of Southwark
Keeps many a gossip from the kirke.”

That there were breweries here as far back as the fourteenth century we have evidence enough in the fact that Chaucer speaks of the "ale of Southwark" in his time; and readers of that poet will not have forgotten, among the inhabitants of this part—

"The miller that for drenken was all pale,
So that unethes upon his hors he sat."

Chaucer's host of the "Old Tabard," no doubt, drank freely of the ale that was brewed here, and so did the "Knight" and the "Franklin," and perhaps the "mincing Nounne" herself.

Stow, in his "Survey," published at the close of the sixteenth century, tells us that there stood in this locality "many fair inns for receipt of travellers," among which he enumerates by their signs "The Spurre," "The Christopher," "The Bull," "The Queene's Head," "The Tabarde," "The George," "The Hart," "The Kinge's Head," and others. Of these inns mentioned by the old chronicler, some few remain to this day, with their quaint and picturesque balconies surrounding the old-fashioned yards; whilst most of the buildings connected with them have been converted into warehouses or booking-offices for the goods department of different railway companies, &c. In the reign

of Henry VIII., the "George" is mentioned in the records of the "Tabard," to which it adjoined, as the "St. George,"—no doubt so named after the patron saint of England. The "White Hart," which is one of the inns enumerated by Stow, possesses a still earlier celebrity, having been the head-quarters of Jack Cade and his rebel rout during their attack on London in 1450. Fabyan, in his "Chronicles," under date of July 1st, 1450, has this entry: "Jack Cade arrived in Southwark, where he lodged at the 'Hart;' for he might not be suffered to enter the City." Shakespeare, in the second part of King Henry VI., makes a messenger enter in hot haste, announcing to the King:—

"The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord!
 Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
 Descended from the Duke of Clarence's house,
 And calls your grace usurper openly,
 And vows to crown himself in Westminster."

And again, another messenger enters and exclaims—

"Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge;
 The citizens fly and forsake their houses."

Afterwards Cade thus addresses his followers:—

"Will you needs be hanged with your pardons about

your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark."

But it is not one of these old inns in general, but of "The Tabard" in particular, that we are about to treat. This old hostelry retained most of its ancient features down to the time of its recent demolition; but its name had many years ago become changed for that of the "Talbot." The old inn stood on the east side of the High Street, about midway between St. George's Church and London Bridge. The first foundation of the inn would appear to be due to the abbots of Hyde, and to the hostel referred to above. The land on which it stood was purchased by the Abbot of Hyde in the year 1307, and it is recorded that he built on it not only a hostel, or town-house, for himself and his brethren, but also an inn, with the view of furnishing accommodation for the numerous pilgrims resorting from all parts of the kingdom to the famous shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, for it stood just between the Pilgrim's Way from the west and south of England and the much better known continuation of the Pilgrim's Way onward to Canterbury, so that it would be exactly the spot where they would be glad to find a halting-place.

To his list of signs quoted above, old Stow adds that "the most ancient is the 'Tabard,' so called of the sign, which, as we now term it, is of a jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders: a stately garment of old time, commonly worn of noblemen and others, both at home and abroad in the wars; but then (to wit, in the wars) their arms embroidered, or otherwise depict, upon them, that every man by his coat of arms might be known from others. But now these tabards are only worn by the heralds, and be called their coats of arms in service."

There can be no doubt that by the end of the fourteenth century the "Tabard" had become one of the inns most frequented by the pilgrims, ere they started off along the old Watling Street to Canterbury, the "holy, blissful martyr for to seeke." Every reader of our old literature will remember how the poet Chaucer selected this ancient hostelry as the place of assembling of his pilgrims in the "Canterbury Tales." The time was the month of April:—

"Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabbard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canturbury with devout coráge,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,

Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle,
 In felaschipe, and pilgryms were thei alle
 That toward Canturbury wolden ryde.
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
 And wel we weren esud atte beste."

Macaulay tells us that "It was a national as well as religious feeling that drew multitudes to the shrine of A'Becket, the first Englishman who, since the Conquest, had been terrible to the foreign tyrants." Here it was, then, that the genial poet has depicted to us the assembling of nine and twenty of these pilgrims, preparatory to setting out on their journey, and tells us how they agreed to enliven their pilgrimage by the recital of "tales." No one possessing any knowledge of the literature of the middle ages would for a moment suppose that Chaucer's meeting of the pilgrims was intended for the description of a real event, that all the arrangement about the telling of tales was really made, and that each pilgrim told the story which the great father of English poetry has ascribed to him. There can be no doubt, however, that when Chaucer lived—that is, towards the close of the fourteenth century—the "Tabard" was the usual resort of pilgrims, or at least that it was the most frequented hostelry in Southwark, or he would not have introduced it in that character.

The host of the "Tabard" whom Chaucer has in-

roduced to us was one "Herry Baillif," or Henry Bailly, of whom John Timbs, in his account of this inn in the *City Press*, writes:—"Henry Bailly, the host of the 'Tabard,' was not improbably a descendant of Henry Tite or Martin, of the borough of Southwark, to whom King Henry III., in the fifteenth year of his reign, at the instance of William de la Zouch, granted the customs of the town of Southwark during the King's pleasure, he paying to the Exchequer the annual fee and farm rent of £10 for the same. By that grant Henry Tite or Martin was constituted bailiff of Southwark, and he would, therefore, acquire the name of Henry the Bailiff, or Le Bailly. Be this as it may, it is a fact on record that Henry Bailly, the hosteller of the 'Tabard,' was one of the burgesses who represented the borough of Southwark in the Parliament held at Westminster, in the fiftieth Edward III., A.D. 1376; and he was again returned to the Parliament held at Gloucester in the second of Richard II., A.D. 1378."

Chaucer's description of "Herry Baillif" has the appearance of having been drawn from life:—

"A semely man oure ooste was withalle,
 For to han been a marchal in an halle;
 A large man was he with eyghen stepe,
 A fairere burgeys is ther noon in Chepe:

Bold of his speche, and wys and well i-taught,
And of manhede lakkede he right naught.
Eke therto he was right a mery man."

The original "Tabard" was in existence down to the commencement of the seventeenth century; it was an ancient timber house, and accounted to be at least as old as Chancer's time. Speght, who published an editon of Chaucer's poeins in 1602, tells us:—"Whereas through time it hath been much decayed, it is now by Master J. Preston, with the abbot's house thereto adjoining, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much increased for the receipt of many guests." What were the character and extent of Preston's repairs we have no means of forming a judgment; but perhaps they did not materially change the general appearance of the old edifice. He seems to have added the private house of the abbot to the public buildings of the hostelry.

About half a century after this date, the "Tabard" was exposed to destruction from another cause, and one which must have been much more disastrous, though we have still no means of ascertaining to what extent it suffered. In 1676 Southwark was the scene of a terrible conflagration, second only in its greatness to the well-known fire of London ten years before. Nearly six hundred houses were burnt, or blown up for

the purpose of arresting the progress of the fire, and the "Tabard" must have been almost in the centre of the danger. When it was rebuilt, the old associations of this inn seem to have been so far forgotten, popularly, that even the name of the sign was changed, and, in the appropriate language of the well-known antiquary, John Aubrey, "the ignorant landlord or tenant, instead of the ancient sign of the 'Tabard,' put up the 'Talbot,' or dog." Aubrey tells us, further, that before the fire it was an old timber house, "probably coëval with Chaucer's time." It was probably this old part, facing the street, which was burnt. In Urry's edition of Chaucer, published in 1721, there is a view of the "Tabard" or "Talbot," as it then stood, the yard apparently open to the street, if the drawing be correct. The sign was then suspended to the middle of a beam extending across the street, and supported by a timber post at each end. It appears then to have become at that time a great inn for carriers and for posting, and a well-known place of accommodation for visitors to London from distant parts of the country.

The "Tabard" (or, rather "Talbot") of our own day must have been a very different looking place from the one with which Chaucer was acquainted. We entered the yard from the High

Street under a wide square passage. On our right, with the words "The Talbot" written above the door, was what chiefly constituted the inn, a bar of no great dimensions, and adjoining a small room for drinking and smoking. Before us appeared the more ancient parts of the old "Tabard," but all in a state of great neglect. A very old-looking balustrade ran round the first story, and against this, in front of us, was the sign, which was so defaced and covered with dirt that its subject could hardly be distinguished. It represented the court-yard of the old inn, with a number of Canterbury Pilgrims preparing to start on their journey into Kent, and is said to have been painted by Blake. The figures of the pilgrims were copied from the celebrated print by Stothard. On the beam of the gateway facing the street was formerly inscribed, "This is the inn where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the nine-and-twenty pilgrims lay in their journey to Canterbury, anno 1383." This was painted out in 1831; it was originally inscribed upon a beam across the road, from which the old sign-board was suspended. The beam was removed in 1763, as interfering with the traffic.

The ground floor of the old building was let out as luggage offices of carmen and railways. On the left, an old wooden staircase presented

itself to our view, by which access was obtained into the gallery behind the balustrades. This was continued round two sides of the building, at right angles to each other, and contained the doors leading into the chambers. All this part of the building might belong to the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or even to that of James I. The old chambers had been so much cut up, and divided and subdivided, to turn them into modern bed-rooms, that they presented but few features of interest. Those which opened upon the gallery to the left, which was at right angles to the gallery facing the street, are said to have been formed out of the ancient hall, the room of public entertainment of the hostelry, or, as it was popularly called, "The Pilgrims' Room," because it had become a favourite conjecture that this, in its original state, was the room in which Chancer's pilgrims met together and supped. Here, then, according to the modern notion, the "seemly" host is presumed to have proved his title to the character of "right a mery man," given to him by the poet:—

" And after soper playen he began,
 And spak of myrthe among othur thinges,
 Whan that we hadde maad oure reckonynges ;"

and to have laid out that splendid plot which Chaucer lived not long enough to complete.

Mr. Corner, as we learn from his account of the old inn which appears in the Collections of the Surrey Archæological Society (vol. ii. part 2), was of opinion, from personal examination, that there was nothing at all in the remains of the "Tabard," as they existed at the time of its demolition, earlier than the Southwark fire of 1676; after which was built the "Pilgrims' Room," its fireplaces being of this date.

Outside, and looking towards the court, the buildings of the old "Tabard" were sadly covered and obscured with modern inventions. The appearance of the structure, however, with its high, steep-tiled roof, and its antiquated gable-windows, was still striking and picturesque. To the right, the yard extended to some distance, and then turned at right angles into a sort of long back court, the buildings on each side of which communicated by a light wooden bridge thrown across it.

All, alas! is now changed. The old and picturesque gateway—through which passers-by could obtain a glimpse of the wooden galleries and balconies of the quaint old building, and which remained down to the close of last year—has now been removed altogether. On the left, as we now enter the yard, we pass a bran new ale-house, which, with its gaudy colouring, and

brilliant gas-lamps, somewhat approaches the modern gin-palace in appearance, and which, as if in mockery, has been dubbed "Ye Old 'Tabard;" the antique guest-chambers and galleries, too, have been levelled with the ground; and in their place are now many high brick-built warehouses and offices, such as we are now accustomed to meet with in any of the busy thoroughfares of London.

MISLETOE IN COVENT GARDEN.

I DO not know a pleasanter or more interesting sight than Covent Garden Market on a bright fine morning in June between the hours of four and six a.m., when its central piazza is one mass of summer flowers and redolent of early fruits. The market affords then, indeed, a curious sight. From half-past three to half-past four there is but little bustle visible, though business goes on rapidly. "Early risers of both sexes," observes a writer in the *City Press*, "a class of 'higglers,' who indorse the old proverb that 'the early bird catches the worm,' flock to the market. They form a medium between the grower and the small dealer, buying the whole stock from the former, and seeking to sell portions of it to the latter at a higher price. The crowd and bustle increase from five up to seven

or eight. Porters, with baskets, offer their help to buyers. The piazzas become very lively with their clamour. Against every post and pillar are small tables, where coffee, tea, bread and butter may be purchased. Hawkers parade in every direction with cakes, buns, knives, and pocket books for sale. Many customers seek for stimulants, and consume gin or hot spirits-and-water with avidity." Those who wish to see the sight and smell the scent of fresh flowers in London in the summer should then pay a visit to Covent Garden soon after sunrise during the summer; but the central arcade is a pretty sight, at whatever season it may be visited.

Mr. Diprose in his "Book about London," tells us that "The contrast between the Covent Garden of fifty years ago and the present is as wide a one as can possibly exist. The old watchman—helpless for good, and the most corrupt of public officers—the turbulent and drunken old women, the porters quarrelling over their morning potations, the jaded and neglected horse dropping beneath the cart-load of half-rotten turnips, the London rakes—(fast men of these days)—making, not the night, but morning, hideous by their obscene blasphemies, and deeming it conduct becoming of gentlemen to interrupt honest industry, and to scoff at early labour,—all this has

gone, and so also are the terrible lessons that it inculcated. Order is now preserved as well as it can be amongst a rude assemblage of women and men whose battle for existence begins when the civilization of the great city slumbers."

Covent Garden, as Charles Kenny writes, "is a twofold temple, dedicated to Pomona and Flora, in which daily devotion is paid to the productive divinities. Here, as in a very temple, all classes and grades, all denominations and distinctions of men, jostle each other in the humility of a common dependence on the same appetites, the same instincts, the same organs of taste, sight, and smell—the fashionable lady who has left her brougham at the entrance, in quest of some pampered nursling of the conservatory, and the wan needle-woman bent on the purchase of a bundle of wallflowers, or a root of pale primroses to keep her pale cheeks in countenance; the artisan's wife purveying for her husband's meal, and the comfortable housekeeper, primed with the discriminating lore of Mrs. Glass, making provisions for her winter's preserves; the bloated *gourmand*, in search of precious peas, and the sickly hypochondriac eager to try the virtue of some healing herb." It is in the long-continued arch of Covent Garden Market, as Mr. Diprose puts it in his work quoted above, "that the bouquets are made

for the evening exhibition which do such terrible mischief in Cupid's calendar, at balls, theatre, opera, concert, and in the private boudoir of my 'ladye-love.'"

The scene presented in the market during what may be strictly called the "business hours," is curious in the extreme, and is one of those phases of life in which Dickens delighted, and which would require the pen of a Swift, or Sterne, or Fielding, to describe adequately and picturesquely, as it deserves.

But, if less pleasant to the senses, the scene which Covent Garden presents in its central and side avenues in the week immediately before Christmas is certainly not less interesting to the thoughtful spectator, who has a heart for home and its pleasures, and has not yet been so beaten and baffled by the waves of this troublesome world as to become callous to the innocent diversions of childhood and youth. Such a one will see some remembrances of his earlier days in the loads of holly and of misletoe with which the thoroughfares are crowded. At this season of the year, when we bring the holly inside our churches, and the misletoe inside our parlours, the great London market, we need scarcely remark, becomes the principal mart for the vendors of the mystic bough; so our readers—especially

our young and fair readers—will pardon us, we are sure, if we venture on a short account of this plant and its associations, interwoven as they are so closely with the history of Covent Garden at each recurring Christmas-tide.

If we can show that the mistletoe has been held in high honour in England from the days of the Britons to our own times, that it has always been supposed to have certain mysterious properties, and that it has from the earliest ages been connected with the New Year, a history will have been traced for it more ancient and romantic than any other native plant can boast. “Its other rivals of Christmas tide, the holly and the ivy, can scarcely vie with it in ancient fame and wide-spread honour; only the oak, on which it once grew abundantly, and is still occasionally found, has associations more venerable and historic; only the yew carries us back into a more remote antiquity or more poetic scenes;” and none of these have the same homely charm as that which is involuntarily attached by our “young men and maidens” to the very name of mistletoe.

It is known to every reader of early English history that the mistletoe was used in the solemn worship of the Druids, who, it is more than probable, were an offshoot of the Brahmins of India,

if there be truth in the close affinity which modern science has established between the languages of Britain and India, the Celtic and the Sanskrit, and in the belief of ethnologists in the extensive migrations of tribes from Central Asia in pre-historic times into the far west. But we are not going, at this festive season, to dive so far back into antiquity; but instead will deal briefly with the mistletoe of the present day, as likely to be a matter of greater interest.

The mistletoe, though found occasionally in all parts of England, is more rare in the northern and midland counties than in the south and west; and of all counties its chief home is in Herefordshire. It is well known that, of all trees, this dainty and captious parasite likes best to grow upon the apple; and in Herefordshire it has an ample field for choice, taking more kindly, it is stated, to those trees whose fruit is white-fleshed than to those which bear yellow-fleshed* apples.

* Whether the *Viscum Album* shows any preference for any particular sorts of apples, is a point requiring further investigation. There are certainly some facts which seem to show that this is the case. Some observers, with much orchard experience, think it likes best the more acid kinds of fruit, as the varieties of the Crab, the "Old Bromley," "Skyrme's Kernal," "Hampton's Delight," &c., &c., and is much less common on the "Bitter-sweet," the "Royal Wilding," the Norman, French, and Italian fruits, and on "pot-fruits," in

Curiously enough, too, though found so constantly on apple-trees, it seldom, if ever, grows on the pear; and never, spontaneously at least, upon the beech, the birch, the holly, the walnut, the elder, the sweet chestnut, or the laurel. Next to the apple-tree it loves the poplar, the lime, and the white thorn, and it is also occasionally found on the maple, the sycamore, and the acacia. There can be very little doubt that in by far the majority of instances it is chance-sown, most pro-

general. Mr. Adams has observed, that trees bearing white-fleshed apples are much more liable to be attacked by mistletoe than those which bear yellow-fleshed apples: the former correspond to the acid fruits, whilst the latter embraces nearly the whole of the new and French fruits of recent introduction, called bitter-sweet apples, and from which the best and mildest cider is made.

I have myself observed, in some orchards I chance to know well, that there is scarcely a tree of the "Foxwhelp," "Old Cowarne red," or "Cowarne Queening," or "Quining," that is not inhabited by the mistletoe, and it signifies not whether the tree may be old or young. This has been confirmed by several close observers, who have also added that it is the same with the "Red-streak," the "Old Styre," the "Garter Apple," the "Woodcock," and indeed with almost all the old Herefordshire apples. It is the general opinion that mistletoe is much less common in the orchards of the French, Norman, and Italian fruits lately so so much planted: even here, though, the *Viscum* seems to make a selection, and will attack young trees of the "upright Normandy" and "Italian Apple."—"Transactions of the Woolhope Naturalists' Field Club." No. V., p. 73.

bably its seeds having been dropped by birds, but that, from some other cause not as yet understood, the wood of all trees is not equally fitted to receive it and support it. Where its seed has once found a congenial home within the bark of a tree, like a true parasite, it drives the fangs of its roots deep into the wood whence it draws its sap and nourishment, growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength. At times, indeed, it would seem as if it maintained a war of life or death with the tree on which it has fixed itself.

Dr. Harley says, in a paper on the subject read before the Linnæan Society in March, 1863:—
“The branch still struggles vigorously with its enemy, but as fast as one generation of roots are dying off, a later and more numerous progeny attack it in another place. The affected branch, moreover, assumes various contortions, in the hope of escaping, being twisted sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another, and frequently being bent at right angles to itself. But it wrestles in vain as with a veritable hydra, which having killed its centre, spoiled and occupied its bark, and invaded anew the living wood that remains, now gradually completes the work of destruction.” It is to this power of the mistletoe to seize on one branch of a tree after another,

and to reduce them to a desolate, woe-begone appearance, with fading leaves and decaying branches, that Shakespeare is thought to allude, when he says of the limes in Datchet Mead—

“The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O’ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.”

Tit. Andr., Act ii., sc. 3.

The mysterious origin of the mistletoe was perhaps one cause of the religious veneration in which it was held by the ancients, who seem to have regarded it as a sort of Melchisedek among plants. Aristotle,* in harmony with the belief of other writers, declares that its seeds will not grow unless they have passed through the intestines of a bird, a notion which was the source of an Athenian proverb which it would not quite do to quote here, though we may go so far as to say that the mistletoe thrush was laughed at of old for helping to produce the cause of its own destruction.

It is established, however, that the seeds of mistletoe can be artificially propagated. A paper on the “Transactions of the Herefordshire Naturalists’ Field Club” gives the following receipt:—
“Raise a considerable piece of the bark by a sloping incision, nearly an inch long, on the under side of the branch to be experimented

* *De Generat. Animal.* i. chap. i.

upon : the cut should only be made through the bark itself, and not into the wood of the branch ; or, more simply still, a broad notch may be cut in the bark, then, having chosen some fine well-ripened berries, open the skin of one of them, remove the seed with great care, and place it in the base of the notch thus made, with the embryo directed towards the trunk of the tree, and restore the raised bark over it. In this way it is best secured from the sun and winds that might dry it up ; from the rains that might wash it off ; and from the birds also. The branch experimented upon should not be less than five feet from the ground.”

It should be added that the seeds must be handled carefully, as they are very delicate and tender, and that the best time for trying the experiment is January or February. The young plant is slow of growth, and will often spend two years in forming roots before sending out any regular stems. The mistletoe can also be artificially propagated by grafting, or budding, or in arching. On the Continent M. Du Hamel is said to have succeeded in making the mistletoe grow on all trees except the fig, the hazel, the oak, and the juniper ; and M. Dutrochet has proved that its seeds do not follow the law of other plants in germinating, by sending their roots to the centre

of the earth, but always to the centre of the object to which they become attached as parasites.

The owners of orchards in Herefordshire are not of opinion that the mistletoe, though apparently so destructive to the branches of aged trees, is an enemy to the fruit which they bear. Accordingly they do not cut it away, or even prune it. One Herefordshire naturalist, indeed, goes so far as to think that the parasite relieves the over-abundant sap, as cupping relieves a plethora of blood; and Dr. Harley, whom we have already quoted, is of opinion that its presence causes an increased quantity of sap to be drawn up for its supply from the soil, and thus the tree is not injured, if the soil be not exhausted.

It is not a little singular to find that, since the railway system has been extended into Herefordshire, the mistletoe has become an article of large and increasing export from that county to London, to Birmingham, and to the manufacturing cities of the north, where families are equally eager to celebrate Christmas and New Year's Day with their proper rites as in the west and south. We take the following statement from an authentic source. Through the politeness of the traffic managers of the Great Western Railway we are

enabled to give an approximation towards the correct return of mistletoe actually sent out of Herefordshire from the various railway stations within the county in a recent December. The exact return is as follows:—

	Tons.	Cwts.	Qrs.
From Hereford	25	0	0
Withington	7	15	0
Ledbury	15	2	3
Moreton	2	11	1
Dinmore	3	3	0
Leominster	12	14	0
Berrington	0	16	0
Woofferton	2	0	0
Ludlow	0	1	3
Ross	15	0	0
Moorhampton	5	0	0
	89	3	3

Besides this amount, it must be remembered that the guards and engine-drivers have allowed them the privilege of exporting mistletoe to any extent they please, and that they avail themselves of their privilege by nearly every train throughout the first half of the month. The amount thus exported, and that which crosses the borders of Herefordshire in carriers' carts, is estimated by competent judges at twenty-five tons more. As each ton fetches from £5 to £6 10s., it is clear that here are the elements of a new traffic

which as yet are only partially developed, and which must continue steadily to increase, as long as mistletoe continues in such favour with the ladies. It is perhaps a sad bathos to the romance of the Mistletoe to hear that common-place railway trucks now carry off to London at so much per ton that curious plant for which Sir Walter Scott sent his "merry men" into "the woods"* at Christmas. Nearly all of this quantity that comes to London is dispatched to Covent Garden Market, whence it finds its way through the retail dealers into every street in the City and Suburb, and so eventually into our London homes.

If, however, we would be particular, and not lump together the festivities of December and January, we ought to observe here that, properly speaking, the mistletoe belonged to New Year's Eve and Day, as the holly belonged to Christmas. According to a writer in "Notes and Queries" (First Series, vol. v. p. 208), "the holly owes its importance in the festivities of Christmas to Paganism. The Romans dedicated the holly to Saturn, whose festival was held in December; and the early Christians, to screen themselves from persecution, decked their houses with its

* "Forth to the woods did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe."

Marmion, Cant. vi.

branches during their own celebration of the Nativity." The holly then was innocent enough. But the mistletoe had other associations of its own.

According to many ancient writers, it was supposed to have fructifying qualities; and was worn as an amulet, or drunk diluted as a potion by those who desired to obey that precept which is as old as creation itself, "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth." The plant was cut down by the Druid priests with many religious ceremonies, and given far and wide as a charm to ensure fecundity. When the Druidical religion was overthrown, the Church tried in vain to set aside the mistletoe as a gross heathen superstition. The Edicts of Emperors and the Canons of Councils were unable to put it down; and even at the present day, in many parts of England, it continues to be given by swineherds, and shepherds, and cowherds, to help their beasts through a time of danger. With these somewhat coarse associations the mistletoe naturally found a home in the servants' hall, in farmhouses, and mansions; but it occupied too prominent a place in the rejoicings of the kitchen to secure for itself a place permanently in the Church.* Even to the present day the idea of

* "Certain it is that mistletoe formerly had place among

of a kiss under the mistletoe bough has not quite lost its ancient mystic meaning; for the charm attached to the mistletoe, when hung up in the servants' hall, would appear really to be that the maid who is not kissed under it at Christmas time will not be married during the year;* and if with Mr. Shirley Hibberd, no mean authority, we refer this association of ideas to the Scandinavian mythology, in which the mistletoe is dedicated to Friga, the Venus of the Scandinavians, the case is much the same.

It is scarcely, then, mere "caprice," as a writer in the Quarterly Review† suggests, "which has excluded the mistletoe as well from the annual decorations of our churches at present as from their ancient sculpture and carvings," of which the only instance known we believe, is to be seen in Bristol Cathedral. What, however, may not be quite proper for a church may be proper in another place. Is there not a *place* as well as a *time* for all things? And we see no reason why,

Christmas decorations of churches, but was afterwards excluded. In the earlier ages of the Church many festivities not tending to edification had crept in—mutual kissing among the number; but as this soon led to indecorum, kissing and mistletoe too were both very properly bundled out of the Church."—"Notes and Queries." New Series, Vol. VI. p. 523.

* See "Notes and Queries," New Series, Vol. V. p. 13.

† Vol. CXIV. p. 220.

eighteen hundred years after the extinction of Druidism, we should not set aside all antiquarian pedantry, forget the heathen origin of the custom, and salute our cousins and other fair friends this and every Christmas-tide, according to ancient usage and old-established custom, under "The Mistletoe Bough."

HERALDS' COLLEGE.

(1869.)

AT the present moment, when the recent death of "Garter King of Arms" has drawn public attention to the subject, a few words upon the venerable "College of Arms" in Doctors' Commons, or, as it is popularly termed, "Heralds' College," may not be wholly out of place. It is obvious to remark that such an institution, as it now stands, is rather an anomaly in the middle of the nineteenth century, as being at the same time a public office, and yet in private patronage, responsible not to Parliament, but to the head of the noble house of Howard, in his capacity as Earl Marshal of England, and administered wholly and entirely at his Grace's will and pleasure.

The visitor to the "College of Arms," if he has

raised his expectations at all high, must, we fear, make up his mind to be disappointed. The "College" is no magnificent public building, surmounted with lions, or griffins, or "wyverns," and splendid with Gothic architecture and painted windows. Turning out of St. Paul's Churchyard, a little to the south-east of the Cathedral, you pass down Godliman Street, and on your left hand, on St. Bennett's Hill, half way down to the Thames, you see a heavy, red-bricked building, apparently of the seventeenth century, with a round-headed archway and a porter's lodge. You enter, and you find yourself in a stone-paved court, which forms a quadrangle, but which is about to be shorn of its southern side, in order to make way for the new street from Blackfriars Bridge to the Mansion House.

It is not a little singular that the lopping off of this side will bring back the "College" nearly to its original plan, for, when it first arose out of the ashes of the great fire two centuries ago, it was not a quadrangle at all, but was one of the regulation mansions of the age, with a front facing the river, and looking down upon pleasant slopes and gardens, and flanked by two wings at each end, which ran at right angles towards the Thames.*

* This arrangement is now altered, the southern side of the

It must not be thought, then, for a moment that the original "College of Arms" was built or designed for the Heralds. In the early days of their corporate existence they were lodged in a "messuage with appurtenances" in the parish of All Saints, called Poulteney's, or Pulteney's Inn, or Cold Harbour; and a picture of that ancient building as it stood on the banks of the Thames may be seen in the sixth volume of Mr. Charles Knight's "London." Originally built by a Sir John Poulteney, who had been four times Lord Mayor of London, it had passed through several hands before it came to the Crown; and, when it was bestowed on the "College of Heralds" by Richard III., it is said, by old Stow, to have been a "right fayre and stately house." Richard bestowed it on Sir John Wrothe, or Wrythe, or Wriothesly, "Garter King of Arms," in trust for the residence and assembling of the Heralds; and the College, considering him their founder (although, as a matter of fact, Richard Champneys had perhaps a fairer claim to the title), adopted Sir John's armorial bearings as their official seal. Henry VII., who was always disposed to wage war with the establishments of his predecessors,

quadrangle having been removed on the formation of Queen Victoria Street, so that the house now presents the same appearance as in the "olden time."

dispossessed the "College" of their house at Cold Harbcur, and removed them, or caused them to remove, to the Hospital of Our Lady of Ronceval at Charing Cross, a spot identical with the site of what now is Northumberland House. But, as the Heralds were there only by sufferance of the Crown, they were glad to accept, under charter from Philip and Mary, as their home, Stanley or Derby House on St. Bennett's Hill, which had been purchased by Thomas, Duke of Norfolk and Earl Marshal of England, and transferred by him to the Crown. The original house was burnt, of course, in the Great Fire of London; and the present house was erected, after a design by Sir Christopher Wren, through the munificence of the "upper ten thousand," assisted by members of the College, and especially by Sir William Dugdale, who built the north-west corner at his own cost.

The present entrance, which pierces the western wing with a heavy and gloomy arch, destroys the effect of the building, which ought to be approached up a flight of steps from its southern front, if it is ever to be seen to advantage. On the left hand, however, is the entrance into what is still called "the Grand Hall," in which the Courts of chivalry were held in ancient days. In the Hall, immediately facing the entrance, is the

judicial seat of the Earl Marshal of England, surrounded by a heavy wooden balustrade. But "the chair is empty and the sword unswayed." Considering the heavy and tasteless style of the massive wood-work, it is really very difficult to draw upon the imagination so far as to picture to oneself what was the appearance of the Court of Chivalry, the "Curia Militaris," which held its session here so lately as 1720, in which year we are told the Blounts or the Blunts came before it to decide a question as to the right of bearing a certain coat of armour; and, in the absence of all attractions of architecture and decorative furniture, it is still more difficult to conceive an idea of what must have been the Court which sat in Poulteney's Inn near five centuries ago, to settle the still more important contest between the Scropes and the Grosvenors, when John of Gaunt and the poet Chaucer appeared as witnesses before the august personage to whom all questions of "coat armour," and indeed of chivalry, were wont to be referred, and from whose judgment there was no appeal.

That the right to hold such a court was not always in abeyance, and that its decisions were counted matters of importance, is clear from the fact that it had the power of degrading unworthy persons from the Order of Knighthood, and the

records of the College attest that, three times at the least in three centuries, its officers publicly "broke and defaced" the spurs and other insignia of knighthood belonging to men convicted of "heinous offences and misdemeanours." The last instance of such a punishment being inflicted is to be found in Sir Francis Michell, June 21st, 1621. In 1716 the ceremony of degrading the Duke of Ormonde, for treason, from the Order of the Garter, was performed by the Heralds in St. George's Chapel at Windsor; and some of us are old enough to remember the summary removal of the banner of a Knight of the Order of the Bath by the Heralds; but these acts were done under order from the Sovereign, and not by authority of the Heralds themselves, or in reality of the Earl Marshal.

Three centuries ago the Heralds' College was the sole public repository of all documents bearing on the genealogy and pedigree of English gentlemen, using the term in its proper sense as inclusive of both the titled and the untitled nobility. Now the great portion of the work which of old would have fallen to their lot is discharged by the office of the Registrar-General, at Somerset House, and by the general system of parochial registration which prevails. Still there are constantly arising questions regarding those changes

of name which are customary, and very venial matters of pride, when a male line becomes extinct, and a property devolves upon a female heir, or is bequeathed to her on condition that she and her husband take the name of the former owners. In all these cases it is still customary, and it ought to be compulsory, for the family to have recourse to the Heralds' College, and it is expedient that the members of that College, if they have not a veto upon such a transaction, should at least record it for the benefit of future generations. No doubt the old Heralds' visitations in the seventeenth century were very arbitrarily, perhaps we might say even offensively, conducted; so that Lord Chancellor Hyde was justified in his denouncement of the doings of the officers of the College; but still, as long as we pay a tax for armorial bearings upon our carriage panels and our silver spoons, it seems only reasonable that there ought to be some recognized authority who may decide upon our right to carry this or that device, and so make the gentle science a useful handmaid to family history. Mr. Charles Knight remarks:—

“There can be little doubt that but for the disinclination of the Government to throw the patronage into the hands of an independent here

ditary officer, like the Earl Marshal, the general registration of births, marriages, and deaths would have had its head-quarters on St. Benet's Hill, and not at Somerset House. The heralds had a natural right to be the workers of and gainers by this useful institution, as the genealogists of the empire; and, considering the way in which their privileges and emoluments have been lately curtailed, such an arrangement would have been a mere act of justice towards them."

It may not be generally known that Dallaway attributes to the heralds of three centuries ago the merit of having suggested to Cromwell, Lord Essex, the Vicar-General, the establishment of registers in every parish in the land; and it is rather hard that they should fall short by a feather from their own wing, and that the extension and development of the system which they suggested should be used as an argument for abolishing the college as an antiquated and therefore useless institution.

For our own parts, we are of the number of those who can appreciate the honest pride with which the descendant of a long line of honourable ancestry points to the shield and the crest and the motto of his forefathers, and can understand the natural desire of those who are even remotely

connected with such parents to enjoy the reflected lustre of their lion *passant* or *regardant*, or their cross *potent*, *pattée*, or *crosslet*. Still we do not hesitate to say that the vanity which induces nearly every person who owns a gold seal or a silver spoon to decorate it with a crest to which on any recognized principles he can have no pretension, is a fair subject for public inquiry and for taxation, so long as taxes are laid, as they ought to be, upon luxuries rather than on necessities. And it is obvious that if this subject were taken up seriously in Parliament, and a commission were issued to inquire into and report upon the present state of the College of Arms, and the best means of rendering it more effective, the present members of that august body, whether "Kings of Arms," or "Heralds," or "Pursuivants," might be employed with far greater benefit both to themselves and to the national revenue than is the case at present. Our two Universities have been, each in its turn, subjected to the ordeal of a Parliamentary inquiry; our public schools and our local grammar schools, though most of them arose out of private benefactions, have undergone a similar course of treatment; and there can be no possible reason why the Heralds' College should not share with our educational colleges and schools the advantages

which must accrue to it from being brought more nearly into harmony with the requirements of the age. Existing and vested interests, of course, could be and would be respected; but no time for public action in the matter, it would seem, can be more appropriate than now, before a new head of the college is appointed. In that case, the new "Garter King of Arms" would receive his appointment from his Grace of Norfolk, subject to any regulations or alterations which may be recommended hereafter by a committee of inquiry; and as the Heralds, one and all, are very poorly paid as compared with the other officials, no doubt they will only be too glad to find that by the interference of Parliament their office is raised in dignity and importance, and still more largely in emolument.

The literary and artistic treasures contained within the walls of the Heralds' College, are both numerous and interesting, but they are inaccessible to the public except by the special favour of "Garter," or of some one or other of his official brethren. To the right of the grand hall, as you enter from the court-yard, is the old library, upon the walls of which apartment hang a few portraits of heraldic worthies. The most interesting of these portraits, perhaps, is that of the warrior Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, habited in his

tabard, as represented on his tomb in old St. Paul's; then there are portraits of Sir William Dethick, who held the office of Garter King of Arms in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.; of the scholarly Camden, author of "Britannia," and of the "Annals of Elizabeth;" and of the great and laborious antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, who held the post of Garter about the same period, besides those of many other individuals of greater or lesser note. From the library, a door opens into a lofty inner apartment surrounded by a gallery; this is denominated the "search room," and contains literary treasures of the highest value to the student of genealogy, archæology, and heraldry

Among the most noticeable works here preserved are the book of emblazonment executed for Prince Arthur, the brother of Henry VIII., in order that he might study the science of heraldry; the Warwick Roll, which comprises a series of figures of all the Earls of Warwick from the Conquest to the reign of Richard III., executed by Rouse, a Warwickshire antiquary of some note, at the close of the fifteenth century; and a Tournament Roll of the time of Henry VIII., in which that wife-slaying monarch is depicted in regal state, surrounded by all the "pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious (mimic) war." The

records of "Visitations" performed by the heralds in former times occupy a long series of goodly volumes on the shelves. "One of the most useful employments of the heralds," as we learn from the volume of Knight's "London" above referred to, "was the registering or recording of the gentry allowed to bear arms throughout the country." "A period must arise," says Dallaway, "when, the immediate inheritors of honours and estates being no more, collateral claimants have to be sought, according to the tenures and injunctions of the original possession. In the lapse of years and the confusion of events such relations become obscure; and, without a regular and impartial record, where could satisfactory proof be obtained? An attention therefore to genealogical inquiries of such obvious utility was the chief employment of the heralds after their incorporation, and though they found precedents and authorities of their non-privileges, very serviceable to themselves, the advantages to be derived from their institution were evidently those which result from the confidence with which the public resorted to their archives and were determined by their reports. That such investigations might be as general and extensive as possible, a visitation of each county was decreed by the Earl Marshal and confirmed by a warrant under the Privy

Seal, and a plan was formed by which the intention might be best answered." Then there are the records of modern pedigrees, that is, since the discontinuance of the "Visitations," in 1637; together with a most valuable collection of official funeral certificates, &c. Many large folio volumes here preserved are devoted to the "patents of nobility," grants of armorial bearings, changes of family surnames, &c., all of which, it need scarcely be added, are of great value and interest.

Besides its literary and pictorial treasures, the College of Arms possesses two or three historical curiosities. These are the sword and dagger said to have belonged to the unfortunate James, King of Scotland, who fell in "harness" at the fight on Flodden Field. The sword hilt has been enamelled, and still shows traces of gilding. Another relic which is here preserved is a turquoise signet ring, which tradition says the French queen sent to James, begging him to ride a foray in England. These trophies are heirlooms of the noble house of Howard, "whose bend Argent," as Mr. Planché tells us, "received the honourable augmentation of the Scottish lion, in testimony of the prowess displayed by the gallant soldier who commanded the English forces upon that memorable occasion."

THE LAST OF CREMORNE GARDENS.

LIKE Ranelagh Gardens, at Pimlico—which, in their palmy days, at the beginning of the present century, were the favourite haunt of the “upper ten thousand”—and like Vauxhall, which kept up its popularity down to a far more recent date, Cremorne, as a place of public resort and gaiety, must now be numbered with the past; and with its departure we have seen the last of the few public gardens open to Londoners within anything like an accessible reach of Charing Cross. The gardens of the Alexandra Palace at Muswell Hill, and those of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, it is true, are still left to us; as also are those of North Woolwich and Rosherville; but, unfortunately, all these places are too far out of town ever to become popular in the same degree with Ranelagh, Vauxhall, or Cremorne.

It was in the autumn of 1877, after many years of tedious and dreary decadence, that Cremorne Gardens were finally closed; a short retrospect, therefore, of their career may not be devoid of interest. The place lay a few hundred yards westward of old Battersea Bridge, on the north side of the river; and it was named after Thomas Dawson, Lord Cremorne, the site of whose former suburban residence and estate the gardens covered. In the early part of the present century, as we learn from the "Beauties of England and Wales," Lord Cremorne's mansion, known as Chelsea Farm, was often visited by George III., Queen Charlotte, and their son George, then Prince of Wales. In 1825 the house and grounds passed into the possession of Mr. Granville Penn, a cousin of Lady Cremorne, who, after effecting many improvements in the estate, ultimately disposed of it. The natural beauty of the situation soon afterwards led to the grounds being opened to the public as a place of entertainment, under the name of the "Stadium," and a few years later the Gardens were laid out with great taste; the tavern then adjoining it was enlarged, and the Gardens became the resort of a motley crowd of pleasure-seekers, being generally well attended. A quarter of a century ago the place was at the height of its fortunes. The hours of early closing

were then not known, and on fine summer nights, after the opera and the theatres had finished, those who enjoyed the fresh cool air and the river breeze used to drive down to Cremorne for supper, exactly as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers used to drive to Ranelagh and Vauxhall. The Gardens, before they became vulgarised, were very beautiful, and are thus described by a writer in the *Observer*: "Fine old trees remained in them, relics of the magnificent mansion and grounds on the site of which they stood. A wide terrace overlooked the river, up and down which, under the pallid lustre of the harvest moon, heavy barges, with a vast expanse of weather-stained canvas, floated slowly to and fro. The walks were bounded on each side by thick hedges, in which thrushes and blackbirds would nest and sing. The whole place, in a word, was more like the private grounds of some old mansion than a public garden open to all who chose to pay."

Down to the very last, the Gardens retained most of their original features. At night, during the summer months, the grounds were illuminated with numberless coloured lamps; and there were various ornamental buildings, and grottoes, together with a theatre, concert-room, a platform for dancing, and a dining-hall. The amusements, in fact, which were provided here were of a similar

character to those which were presented at Vauxhall Gardens in its palmy days—such as vocal and instrumental concerts, balloon ascents, dancing, and fireworks. Several remarkable balloon ascents were at different times made from these Gardens, or from a spot of ground immediately adjoining them, and contiguous to Ashburnham House; the most notable among them being that of Mr. Hampton, who, in 1839, ascended with a balloon and parachute, by which he descended from a height of about two miles. In 1869 a monster balloon, nearly 100 feet in diameter, made daily ascents for some time, and was the means of drawing large numbers of visitors to the Gardens. The balloon, appropriately called the “Captive,” was secured by a rope about 2,000 feet long, which was let out and wound in by steam power. The Captive balloon, however, one day managed to escape from its moorings, and the exhibition came to an end. It was from Cremorne that one of the latest attempts at aërial navigation was made. A foreigner, named De Groof, invented an apparatus, which was suspended beneath the car of a balloon, and which, it was assumed, on being liberated, could be made to pass through the air in whichever direction its occupant might desire. The ascent was accordingly made, and when the aeronaut had reached

a considerable height, the machine was liberated, but, owing to some defect in its construction, it immediately collapsed, and fell to the ground with a fearful crash, killing its unfortunate occupant on the spot.

Originally Cremorne stood in the fields, or nearly so, and was surrounded on all sides by green lanes and hedges. It was indeed practically quite as much in the country as the Crystal Palace, or Rosherville, or the "Welsh Harp" at Hendon are now. This rural position was doubly advantageous to it. On the one hand, there were no small adjacent householders to complain of being kept awake at night by the noise and turmoil of a public entertainment. On the other hand, the Gardens themselves were frequented by customers of a superior class, who preferred the native beauty of the locality itself to those more ordinary and commonplace amusements which form the stock-in-trade of the music hall and the village fair. Unfortunately, Cremorne in course of time shared the fate of all similar places; it became hopelessly changed for the worse. Cheap amusements were added to its programme, as if the natural beauty of the place were not in itself a sufficient attraction. A different class of customers began to frequent it. The spare ground round about it began to be built upon, and the

occupiers of the new semi-detached villas thus erected objected to Cremorne and to its fireworks and its music, and to the long string of public and private vehicles standing at its gates, as being more or less a nuisance. For one or two years a licence was refused, and the place became a losing speculation. Bad fortune persistently dogged it, and it is now at last finally closed. Like Vauxhall and Ranelagh, it is swallowed up in the growth of London.

The original Ranelagh, which was situated but a short distance eastward of Cremorne, close by the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, was swept away three quarters of a century ago. It was opened, according to Horace Walpole, on the 24th of May, in the year 1742, and there were present, "the prince, princess, duke, much nobility, and much mob beside." The price for admission was "twelve pence," and there were we find, "ridottos for guinea tickets, the price of which included a supper and music." Two years later Walpole assures Conway that he goes to Ranelagh "every night constantly," that it has "totally beat Vauxhall," and that "nobody goes anywhere else." "My Lord Chesterfield," the epistle adds, "is so fond of it that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither." Two years later, in 1748, Walpole speaks of Ranelagh

as being "so crowded that, going there t'other night in a string of coaches, we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes." After Ranelagh had fallen away, Vauxhall took its place. Walpole has almost as much to tell us of the one garden as of the other. It is clear, however, that his preference was for Ranelagh, and that he regarded Vauxhall as a place to visit now and then for an evening's amusement.

He, himself, he tells us, went there one evening with Lady Caroline Petersham. The party was conveyed by barge, "with a boat of French horns attending," and amongst them was Lord Granby, who "had arrived very drunk." The ladies, we are told, minced seven chickens into a china dish, and Lady Caroline stewed them over a lamp, "with three pats of butter and a flagon of water;" Betty, the fruit-girl, was present with hampers of strawberries; and "the whole of our party was sufficient to take up the whole attention of the gardens."

Readers of Hone's "Table Book" will remember the description of the ideal "Old Gentleman." He has been induced to look in at Vauxhall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh! He thinks everything looks poor, flaring, and jaded. 'Ah!' says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh,

‘ah! Ranelagh was such a noble place! Such taste! such elegance! and such beauty! There was the Duchess of A——, the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. B——, a mighty fine creature; and Lady Susan what’s-her-name, who had that unfortunate affair with Sir Charles. Yes indeed, sir, they came swimming by you like swans. Ranelagh for me!’ ”

Then there was the magnificent rotunda in which, seventy-five years ago, the Knights of the Bath held their installation ball, and of which Dr. Johnson declared that “the *coup d’œil* of the whole place was the finest thing he had ever seen ”

But even all the taste, elegance, and beauty of which the place could boast was not sufficient to insure its continuance for more than a brief span of years; for in the end the gardens ceased to become attractive, the rotunda and other buildings were demolished; and, as a well-known poet puts it, “like the baseless fabric of a vision faded, left not a wreck behind.” Indeed, so clean a sweep was made of Ranelagh that Sir Richard Phillips, who visited the spot a few years afterwards, could but with difficulty trace even the site of any of the buildings. The picture of ruin and desolation which the area presented, is thus

described by Sir Richard, in his "Walk from London to Kew":—

"On entering Chelsea," he writes, "I was naturally led to inquire for the site of the once gay Ranelagh. I passed up the avenue of trees, which I remember often to have seen blocked up with carriages. At its extremity I looked for the rotunda and its surrounding buildings; but, as I could not see them, I concluded that I had acquired but an imperfect idea of the place in my nocturnal visits! I went forward on an open space, but still could discern no Ranelagh. At length, on a spot covered with nettles, thistles, and other rank weeds, I met a working man, who, in answer to my inquiries, told me that he could see I was a stranger, or I should have known that Ranelagh had been pulled down, and that I was then standing on the site of the rotunda! Reader, imagine my feelings, for I cannot analyse them! This vile place, I exclaimed, the site of the once enchanting Ranelagh! It cannot be! The same eyes were never destined to see such a metamorphosis! All was desolation! A few inequalities appeared in the ground, indicative of some former building, and holes filled with muddy water showed the foundation-walls; but the rest of the space, making about two acres, was covered

with clusters of tall nettles, thistles, and docks. . . . I traced too, the site of the orchestra, where I had often been ravished by the finest performances of vocal and instrumental music. My imagination brought the objects before me; I fancied I could still hear an air of Mara's. I turned my eye aside, and what a contrast appeared! No glittering lights! no brilliant, happy company! no peals of laughter from thronged boxes! no chorus of a hundred instruments and voices! All was death-like stillness! Is such, I exclaimed, the end of human splendour? Yes, truly, all is vanity; and here is a striking example."

Cremorne, in course and by due operation of time, succeeded to Ranelagh and Vauxhall. The latter a few years ago was absorbed by a jobbing builder, and covered with a labyrinth of little streets. We have seen, in the above quotation from Sir Richard Phillips' amusing work, the ruin and desolation that befell the former. And now Cremorne is in a fair way of meeting a still more rapid transmutation.

From Ranelagh to Bagnigge Wells, from Vauxhall to the Red House, all alike have shared the same fate. The town has overgrown them. Land in their neighbourhood has increased in value; and

ultimately they have been absorbed into that vast desert of bricks and mortar which constitutes the metropolis. Cremorne was the last oasis of this kind.

THE BENEDICTINE CONVENT AT
HAMMERSMITH.

(1876.)

IF there is a spot in the neighbourhood of London to which an English Roman Catholic looks with greater veneration than another, just as the Nonconformist looks to Bunhill Fields Cemetery, that spot is a range of very plain and common looking, not to say dreary, edifices which front the north side of the great western high road at Hammersmith, a few yards after leaving the Broadway *en route* for the metropolis. And does the reader wish to know why this unattractive spot is so dear to the Roman Catholics? It is because it is the only place near London which has never been in Protestant hands, but has constantly witnessed, in spite of the penal laws of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

the practice of the unreformed faith. That such should really be the case, considering the strictness with which those laws were usually enforced, especially in the neighbourhood of a large city, is a fact which the members of that religion regard as little short of miraculous.

It is certain that there never has been a time, since the days of Henry VIII. down to the present moment, during which this place has not been devoted to the purposes of Roman Catholic education; for it was a school for young ladies for more than three centuries down to 1869, since which time, as we shall see, it has served as a training college for the priesthood. But the tradition is that it existed as a convent even before the Reformation; and that subsequently to that date, though ostensibly it was only a girls' school, in reality it was carried on by professed religious ladies, who were nuns in disguise, and who said their office, and recited their litanies and rosaries in secret, whilst wearing the outward appearance of ordinary English women. Faulkner, in his "History of Hammer-smith," mentions this tradition, and adds that it is supposed "to have escaped the general destruction of religious houses on account of its want of endowment." If this really *was* the case, then (as is remarked by the author of "Old and

New London") poverty is sometimes even to be preferred to wealth.

Be this as it may, however, it is certain that the great Order of St. Benedict, which had been founded in the sixth century, had long before the Middle Ages given birth to convents of nuns, as well as houses of monks, who professed to follow the rule of that saint, and were called Benedictines. On the break-up of the religious houses in England under Henry VIII., most of the Benedictines and other sisterhoods retired to the Continent, where they kept up the practice of their vows unbroken; and we find that a body of Benedictine sisters settled at Dunkirk in 1662, under their abbess, Dame Mary Caryl, whom they regarded as the founder of their house, and who was previously a nun at Ghent. Another Benedictine house, largely recruited from the ladies of the upper class in England, and in fact a colony from the same city, was settled about the same time at Boulogne, and soon after removed to Pontoise, in the neighbourhood of Paris.

As the English Reformation, two centuries and a half before, had driven this Ghent sisterhood from England, so in 1793 the outbreak of the first French Revolution wafted its members back again (not, however, by a very tranquil

passage) to the shores which their great-great-grandparents had been forced to leave. Already, however, something had been done to prepare the way for their return. Catharine of Braganza, the poor neglected Queen of Charles II., invited over to England some members of a sisterhood at Munich, called the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, and these she settled and supported during her husband's life in a house in St. Martin's Lane. On the death of the King, finding their tenure so near to the Court to be rather insecure, these ladies were glad to migrate further afield. The chance was soon given to them. A certain Mrs. Frances Bedingfeld—a sister, I believe, of the first baronet of that family—procured, by the aid of the Queen, the possession of a large house—indeed, the largest house at that time—in Hammersmith, to the north of the road, near the Broadway, and with a spacious garden behind it. This house adjoined the lady's school which I have already mentioned; and in course of time the *sub rosa* convent and sisterhood from St. Martin's Lane were merged into one institution under an abbess, who followed the Benedictine rule. The Lady Frances Bedingfeld, as foundress, became the first abbess;* and she was succeeded by Mrs. Cecilia

* She left Hammersmith in 1672, in order to found the convent at Micklegate Bar at York.

Cornwallis, who was a kinswoman of Queen Anne. The school—though somewhat foreign to the scope of a contemplative order—was now carried on more openly and avowedly, though still in modest retirement, by the Benedictine sisterhood, who, adding a third message to their two houses, at once taught the daughters of the Roman Catholic aristocracy and established a home in which ladies in their widowhood might take up their residence *en pension*, with the privilege of hearing Mass and receiving the sacraments in the little chapel attached to it.

Thus the school became absorbed in the convent some century and a half ago. In 1680 the infamous Titus Oates obtained from the authorities a commission to search the house as being a reputed nunnery as well as a well-known home of Papists and recusants. It is not a little singular that, although there was no *Times*, and no cheap daily press in his day, we have two separate and independent reports of this proceeding which have come down to us. The first is to be found in the *Domestic Intelligencer*, or *News both from City and Country*, for January 13th, 1679-80; the account runs as follows:

“Information being given to Dr. Oates that at a house in Hammersmith, near London, several suspicious persons did usually meet, he went

immediately thereupon and acquainted the Lords of the Council with it, upon which they issued out a warrant to one of His Majesty's messengers, who, taking to his assistance one of the justices of the peace of the county of Middlesex, and as many other officers as was thought convenient, and, accompanied by Dr. Oates and his servants well armed, they went to Hammersmith; and going privately into the town, sent for Justice Yersley, who, with a head-constable and other officers, together with Dr. Oates and the messengers, went to Mrs. Bedingfeld's house, who is a kinswoman of Bedingfeld the Jesuit, and upon search they found divers children of several persons of quality, and three or four women to attend them. Mrs. Bedingfeld did not appear, they being told that she was gone beyond sea; but there was an ancient gentlewoman in the house, who it seems was left as governess, whom the justice ordered to appear the next day. Upon further search, several Popish books were seized upon, with an altar stone, and some other trinkets belonging to Popish priests, which were all left in the hands of justice. They then proceeded to the top of the house, and there, between two houses, they found an outlandish person, who said he was a Walloon, and that he belongs to the Spanish ambassador. This person, together with

the governess, were ordered to appear before the Council, and the justice at the same time to attend with the examinations taken before him. This house went under the name of a boarding-school; yet we are told that Dr. Oates, and some others, have had an account that under that pretence there is a private nunnery maintained to educate the children of several of the Popish nobility and gentry in the Romish superstition and idolatry."

The other report, more briefly and tersely expressed, is to be found in the *True Domestic Intelligencer* of the same date:

"A house at Hammersmith having been much frequented by persons whose mien and garb rendered them suspected, Dr. Oates was informed that several Jesuits and priests lay there concealed, but on strict search, found no man there but an outlandish gentleman, who appeared to be secretary to the ambassador of the Spanish king, upon the list of his servants in the secretary's office. It seems the mistress of the house, who is much admired for her extraordinary learning, beyond her sex and age, understanding excellently well the Latin, Greek, and several modern languages, being also very well read in most parts of philosophy and the mathematics, has been often visited by ingenious men, foreigners and others,

her admirers, which gave occasion to the information against her; but being examined before his Majesty's Council, and making oath that she harboured no such obnoxious persons as had been suggested by Dr. Oates, she was immediately acquitted, and the gentleman was delivered to the ambassador, his master."

So ended the inquiry conducted by Titus Oates—triumphantly, indeed, for the sisterhood, who scarcely could have hoped for an acquittal in those days, when venal verdicts were often given, and venal sentences not only uttered but enforced, and when they must have known that in carrying out the Benedictine rule in private, they were breaking the law of the land as it then stood.

Exactly a century passed away, so far as any records or traditions have been preserved, before the Benedictine sisters at Hammersmith again experienced any alarm; but in June, 1780, the convent was doomed to destruction by the infuriated mob whom Lord George Gordon led on to plunder and burn half the public buildings of London. It is almost incredible that such events could have occurred in the lifetime of our fathers or grandfathers; or that for nearly a week the City of London lay at the mercy of a crack-brained agitator like Lord George. The nuns received the intelligence without alarm, but simply

went to their chapel, and spent their days and nights in prayer, placing their trust and confidence in Almighty God. The only precaution which they appear to have taken was to pack up the sacramental plate in a chest, which the Lady Abbess entrusted to a faithful friend and neighbour who lived on the opposite side of the way—a Mr. Gomme—and who kindly buried it in his garden till the danger had passed away. He then dug it up again and restored it faithfully to its owners.

The next event recorded in the quiet and peaceful annals of the convent belongs to the year 1794. In that year, when the fiend Robespierre was at the head of the Revolutionary government whose hands were still reeking with the blood of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, all the convents of men and women also were suppressed throughout France, the property of the religious was sequestered, and the nuns themselves were thrown adrift upon the world without resources, and in many cases without friends or relatives. Amongst the communities of ladies who were made to feel the bitterness of this bitter time were the English Benedictines of Dunkirk and Pontoise, whom I have already mentioned. The former were placed under arrest and sent by the tyrant to Gravelines, where they were imprisoned, and, what was worse, remained for

eighteen months exposed to every privation, insult, and brutality. Eleven of their number died under this infliction. At length the happy moment arrived when the death of Robespierre by the hands of the public executioner at Paris effected a change in the government; and not many weeks elapsed before the English Benedictines obtained leave to quit the soil of that unhappy country and to set sail for England, in order to find an asylum on British ground. It is a tradition of the Benedictine community that the names of the religious ladies, both of Dunkirk and of Pontoise, were inscribed on a paper found in the pockets of Robespierre, after his death, as marked for execution at an early date. The hand of God, however, working by man's agency, forestalled the bloody deed.

Twenty-five of the ladies from both these convents, on reaching England, came to Hammersmith, and made it their temporary home until they could obtain admission into other religious houses. In fact, on their arrival, they found only three aged nuns, including the abbess, who rejoiced at being able to give them the shelter which they so much needed. The school was accordingly carried on by the Abbess of Pontoise (Dame Prujean), who here revived the school which had dwindled away; and for many years it was the

only Catholic ladies' school near the metropolis. Dying in 1812, she was succeeded as abbess by Dame Mary Placida Messenger, on whose death that honour fell to Dame Mary Placida Selby. In this lady's time a generous friend (I believe Lord Clifford) gave them a beautiful site on the southern coast of Devonshire, on the high ground above Teignmouth, where they took possession of the new abbey, St. Scholastica's, on September 8, 1863; their chapel was consecrated on Michaelmas Day in the following year. In January, 1869, the abbess lived to celebrate the jubilee or fiftieth anniversary of her election, which, however, she did not long survive. Her successor was the present abbess of the Benedictines, Mrs. Mary Romana Constable.

It is remarkable that Faulkner gives no list of abbesses who ruled this convent during the two centuries of its existence at Hammersmith. I am able, however, to give it complete from a private source, a MS. in the possession of a friend, a near relative of the Markhams, who, at various times were "professed" within its walls. It runs as follows: Francis Bedingfeld (1669), Cicely Cornwallis (1672), Frances Bernard (1715), Mary Delison (1739), Frances Gentil (1760), Marcella Dillon (1781), and Placida Selby (1812).

The convent at Hammersmith, composed as it

was of three private houses, and built in such a way as to do anything rather than attract the attention of the public eye, presents anything but an attractive appearance. A high wall screens it from the passers-by, and the southern face is simply a plain brick front, pierced with two rows of plain sash windows. It looks as if it sadly wanted painting, and pointing also; and the red-tiled roof which covers its attics seems scarcely water-tight. Inside, the rooms used as dormitories and class-rooms have the same heavy and dreary look as if the place were a cross between a badly-endowed parsonage and a workhouse school. But it is on that account all the more interesting, as a relic of the old times of penal laws against the Papists.

The chapel, which was built in 1812 by a friend, Mr. George Gillow, and served for many years—in fact down to 1852—as the mission chapel of Hammersmith and the neighbourhood, still stands, the lower end of it having been cut off and made into a library for the use of the theological students who have been located in a portion of these buildings since they were vacated in 1869 by the sisterhood, who quitted them, as may be imagined, not without many a pang at leaving a place endeared to them by so many recollections. At the south-eastern corner,

between the house and the road, stood a porter's lodge and the guest-rooms; but these have been pulled down. Here, too, it is said, stood the original chapel. The head of the Training College, Bishop Wethers, resides in the western portion of the most substantial part of the entire structure, formerly the residence of the Portugese Minister, the Baron Moncorvo.

Since the above lines were written, the old house is being gradually demolished, in order to make way for a handsome structure in the gothic style.

MESSRS. COUTTS' AND
MESSRS. DRUMMONDS' BANKS.

MOST persons are probably aware that the original London banker was a goldsmith, and that the actual business of banking, namely that of taking charge of cash deposits and trading with them, dates no further back than the Stuart era. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel" will not forget one example of such a goldsmith, George Heriot, of Whitefriars and Fleet Street, who did business with royalty, and not on a small scale either; and, if they wish to learn more as to the steps how the transition from the goldsmith to the banker came about, we may refer them to Pennant's "History of London," where the subject is treated in a manner worthy of that antiquary. One such goldsmith at least appears to have lived to the west of Temple Bar

at all events as far back as the reign of William and Mary.

The early history of the bank known for more than a century as that of Messrs. Coutts, is involved in obscurity; but, so far as can be ascertained, its founder was a Scottish gentleman, John Campbell (a cadet of the ducal house of Argyll), who died in 1712, and who lies buried, along with his wife, in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden. He appears to have been a man of wealth, substance, and probity, and at his death he constituted his "faithful and honest partner," George Middleton, of Errol, his sole executor in trust for his four children, William, Mary, George, and Elizabeth, until such time as his eldest son should be of age. He also entrusted to him his whole estate to trade with during his son's minority, on the condition that a fourth of the profits accrued to Mr. Middleton, the rest being added to the shares of his children. After Mr. John Campbell's death, the business appears to have been carried on in conformity with his will by Mr. Middleton, single-handed, till 1729, when George Campbell, the younger son of John Campbell, appears as a partner. Mary Campbell became the wife of George Middleton; whilst the other sister, Elizabeth, married in 1721 Mr. John Peagram, of Colchester,

of whose only daughter and heiress, Miss Elizabeth Peagram, we shall hear more hereafter.

Up to this date the business was carried on in St. Martin's Lane, then the haunt of artists, and painters, and sculptors; but in 1737 Mr. Middleton erected in the Strand the house which has been known to customers and clients for nearly a century and a half as Messrs. Coutts's bank. It is described as being the middle house of eleven which were erected on the site of the building known as the "New Exchange," or "Britain's Bourse,"—the same in which the Duchess of Tyrconnell sat and carried on her business as "the White Milliner," in the days of her widowhood and poverty. Although the firm called themselves goldsmiths until about 1740, it appears from the ledgers that the business of the house from the first included very considerable banking operations, and also embraced an army and commission agency, and small occasional mercantile speculations. It is worthy of note that, in 1712-13, the firm acted as agents for Queen Anne's 4th Troop of Guards. All this time the house was known as the "Three Crowns," a sign which, doubtless, had been borne by its predecessor in St. Martin's Lane.

About the year 1742, Mr. David Bruce, a nephew of Mr. Middleton, was admitted a partner.

Four years later Mr. Middleton himself died, dividing his property between his daughter, the Countess of Stair, and the children of his other daughter, who had married a Patrick Craufurd.

But how came the name of Mr. Campbell to die out in the Strand, and to be superseded by that of Coutts? We will explain, premising that in this part of the history of the firm we are drawing largely on a circumstantial narrative by Mr. Robert Chambers. Much as the ancient Hellenes and Pelasgi, combined with other tribes, became the great Achaian or Grecian race, and as the combination of the Thame and the Isis is said to be the parent of the Thames, so the union of the London house with another which had for some years existed and flourished in the far north resulted in the present "Coutts."

The history of this transition and change may be briefly told. Like hundreds of grand old commercial establishments in England, the house can be traced to small beginnings, through a long course of intelligent enterprise, united with carefulness and scrupulous integrity.

No one probably knows more about the Coutts family and their early mercantile career in Edinburgh than Mr. Robert Chambers, who tells us in his *Journal* (No. 567, November 7, 1874) that they are sprung from one Coutts, of Auchintoul,

a sagacious northern laird, one of whose sons did not disdain to seek a livelihood by going into business in the small and prettily situated town of Montrose. His fourth son, Patrick, anxious to push out into the world on his own account, left Montrose and went to Edinburgh, where he occupied the position of a general merchant, importing and exporting goods as early as 1696—just when Mr. John Campbell was founding a business as a goldsmith in London. The greater part of the fortune of Patrick Coutts, who died in 1704, ultimately devolved on his son John, who also, having served an apprenticeship to business, set up for himself as a merchant in our Northern Athens. He was a man of great energy, shrewdness, and ability, and from his establishment as a merchant at Edinburgh in 1724 may be dated the rise of the fortunes of the Coutts family.

“The business initiated by John Coutts at Edinburgh,” writes Mr. Chambers, “was a combination of general dealing and the negotiation of foreign bills of exchange. He also imported and sold corn, either on his own account or as a commission-agent. But in proportion as he advanced in business and acquired spare capital, as well as the confidence of persons who deposited with him money at interest, he appears to have laid himself out chiefly as a negotiator of bills,

a species of traffic which as yet had not been appropriated by banks, and demanded much knowledge and shrewdness. Whether from family connections or otherwise, he became acquainted with people of good social standing, through whom he widened his base of operations. For some time he had for a partner Thomas Haliburton, of Newmains (who through a daughter became the great grand-father of Sir Walter Scott); next we find him taking as partner Archibald Trotter, son of Trotter, of Castleshield; then by another change of firm he was associated with his cousin, Robert Ramsay, brother of Sir Alexander, of Balmain. As further marking the esteem in which he was held by the aristocratic circles of Edinburgh, he formed an intimacy with Sir John Stuart, of Allanbank, whose sister he married." This same John Coutts, who lived in the Parliament Close, served as Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1742-43, and at his death (which happened at Naples in 1750), he left four sons, Patrick, John, James, and Thomas, all of whom came into a share of the business.

Soon afterwards, Mrs. Coutts's first cousin, Mr. Archibald Trotter, joined the Edinburgh firm as a partner; but, on his retirement after a few years, the young brothers associated with themselves their uncle, Mr. John Stephen, a wine-

merchant at Leith, and the name of the firm was changed to "Coutts, Brothers, and Co." About this time they would seem to have established a London agency in Jeffrey's Square, St. Mary Axe, John and James continuing to reside at Edinburgh with Mr. John Stephen, whilst Patrick and Thomas Coutts, with Thomas Stephen, their cousin, came up to London; and the name of the firm was Coutts, Stephen, Coutts, and Co.

We must now revert to the business in the Strand, which for some time after Mr. Middleton's death was carried on by Messrs. Campbell and Bruce: from 1751 to July 1755 Mr. George Campbell was the sole partner; at the latter date there comes upon the scene a gentleman of Scottish extraction, but whose name is hitherto new to London, though not to Edinburgh, Mr. James Coutts, who had married Miss Mary Peagram, niece of George Campbell. The firm in consequence became known as "Messrs. Campbell and Coutts."

The death of Mr. Campbell in 1760 left Mr. Coutts sole partner. Before long he took into partnership his brother Thomas; the accession of these two new partners was marked by various improvements in the method of keeping the books of the firm; and we read no small proof of the commercial value of a name in the fact that from

that day to this, whosoever may from generation to generation have been admitted into partnership, the name of "Coutts," and "Coutts" only, has been adopted by the firm collectively in all its transactions with the outer world

In the meantime the management of the Edinburgh house fell under the direction of Sir William Forbes and a Mr. Hunter (afterwards Hunter-Blair), both of whom had been apprenticed to the Messrs. Coutts, and had graduated under their tuition. They were young, however, and in consequence associated with themselves Mr. (afterwards Sir) Robert Herries, a merchant at Barcelona.

From 1768 to 1770 Mr. Herries had been actively engaged in forming a company for the issuing of circular notes for the use of travellers abroad; and Messrs. James and Thomas Coutts acted as the bankers for their issue. Eventually, however, the two families separated, and that branch of the business was transferred by Mr. Herries to St. James's Street, where he established the bank now known as that of Messrs. "Herries, Farquhar, and Co.," and which still has a large Scottish and military connection.

The Coutts brothers appear to have retained some control over their old firms till 1771, when Mr. Stephen retired; and his retirement, speedily

followed by his death, seems to have broken the last link of the Coutts family with their old business in the north. Four years later the Edinburgh house and the house of "Herries and Co." separated, the former under the name of "Sir William Forbes and Co." This name it retained till 1838, when it became merged in the Union Bank of Scotland; the latter still thrives under the shadow of St. James's Palace.

"Outliving all his brothers," writes Mr. Chambers in his *Journal*, "Thomas Coutts became the first banker in London. Great from his wealth and munificence, mingling in the highest circles, and yet never forgetting Edinburgh, which he visited occasionally; notably on one occasion, when, along with Sir Walter Scott, his friend (and kinsman through the Stuarts of Allanbank), he was complimented with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh." He died at an advanced age in 1822, when the male line of Coutts became extinct. By his first wife, however, he had three daughters, who in the heyday of their youth were known as "The Three Graces." The eldest of them, Susan, married the Earl of Guildford; the second, Frances, became Marchioness of Bute; whilst the youngest, Sophia, married Sir Francis Burdett, the veteran hero of reform in the days when reform was far from popular. The youngest

daughter of Sir Francis, Miss Angela Georgiana Burdett, having succeeded to the large property of her grandfather, Mr. Thomas Coutts, under the will of that gentleman's widow, who had married as her second husband the Duke of St. Albans, assumed by royal sign manual the additional name of Coutts, and, having distinguished herself in many ways by her philanthropy and munificence, was created in 1871 a Peeress in her own right by "the name, style, and title" of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

It is related of Mr. Coutts that he used to make periodical visits to a town in the vicinity of the country seat of one of his married daughters. On these occasions he had attracted the attention of a benevolent old gentleman, who, noticing the neat but somewhat worn apparel of the eminent banker, imagined that he had most probably seen better days, but that his actual financial condition was not very flourishing. The last time they met was Christmas time; and the benevolent old gentleman, no doubt warmed up with the prospects of the festivities of the season, dropped a guinea into the hand of Mr. Coutts as he passed quickly by him, bidding him get a good dinner. Having discovered the name of his benefactor, Mr. Coutts soon after invited him to his house, where he made himself known to him,

and related the anecdote to his guests, letting them know how he had had the guinea given to him, and saying he intended keeping it. The guinea has been carefully taken care of ever since, and is at present in charge of the head cashier at 59, Strand, and is called "The Luck Guinea."

For a long time, as stated above, the house now represented by the name of Coutts enjoyed the distinction of being the only one outside the City of London. Thus Pennant writes, referring to the Stuart era: "To the west of Temple Bar the only bank was that of Messrs. Middleton and Campbell, goldsmiths, who flourished in 1692." The real name of the firm at that time, however, was not "Middleton and Campbell" but "Campbell and Middleton," as stated above.

At a later date, about the time of the Scottish Rebellion of 1715, the house of Messrs. Drummond was founded at Charing Cross. And while Drummonds long continued to be patronised by the leading houses of the Tory aristocracy, the house with which we are now concerned was largely identified with the Whig interest, probably in no small degree through the fact of its founder being of kith and kin to the Dukes of Argyll, and a member of the powerful and numerous sept of the Campbells. And yet, strange to say, so strong an adherent of the Stuart cause

as the Earl of Nithsdale figures in Messrs. Coutts's books.

Among the well known names of gentlemen who have been partners in the house may be mentioned Sir Edmund Antrobus, the first baronet, Sir Edmund Antrobus, the second baronet, Sir Coutts Trotter, Mr. Edward Marjoribanks, and Mr. Wm. M. Coulthurst. The present partners are Mr. Hugh Lindsay Antrobus, the son of the late Sir Edmund Antrobus, whose family has been in the house above a century, and were connected by marriage with the family of the earliest partners—the Hon. Henry Dudley Ryder, a great-grandson of Mr. Thomas Coutts, Mr. George Robinson, Mr. Robert Ruthven Pym, Mr. William Rolle Malcolm, third son of Mr. John Malcolm, of Poltalloch, Lord Archibald Campbell, second son of the Duke of Argyll (whose connection with Mr. John Camphell, the first known partner, is recorded above), and Mr. George John Marjoribanks.

The list of distinguished customers of this Bank is long and curious. We have already mentioned Lord Nithsdale as having "kept running cashes" here. To him must be added the names of Pitt, Lord Londonderry, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Walter Scott, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Bute, Lord North, Lord Chatham,

C. J. Fox, Lord Grenville, Lord Macartney, Alexander Pope, Benjamin West, Lord George Gordon, Dr. Armstrong, Mrs. Fitz Herbert, and Charles Dickens. Almost all the members of the Royal Family have banked here from the reign of George II., including Kings George III. and IV., William IV., and her present Majesty and the Prince of Wales. John Law, the celebrated financier at Paris, who promoted the company called "Company of the West," afterwards called "The Company of the Indies," had a large banking account with the house from the earliest periods. Many of the transactions in 1719 and 1720 were of a very speculative character, and not very remunerative to the great adventurer. In one of these transactions, being a time bargain, he appears to have lost over a quarter of a million of pounds sterling. His brother, William Law, the Paris banker, also had a very large account, which appears in the ledger to come to a very sudden termination towards the end of 1720, which is accounted for by his being sent just at that time to the Bastille.

The books of the house form a perfect and complete series, showing the transactions of the firm from 1712. Those of an earlier date perished some half a century ago, with the exception of one of 1699 and of 1702, through having

been deposited in a cellar, where they were out of sight, and out of light too, and rotted from darkness and damp. Those which remain of the seventeenth century are remarkable for careful, and even beautiful, penmanship, and for the very large admixture of names from the north of the Tweed—Campbells and Mackenzies, Monroes and Moncrieffs, Forbeses and Mackintoshes, Dalgarnos and Davidsons, with others too numerous to mention.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, and even to a much later date, the ledgers show that half the members of the Scottish peerage were among the regular customers of the house; and such is the conservatism of the adherents of this great Whig house, as it then was, that the greater portion of the titled names which figured on the credit side in the reigns of Queen Anne and the Georges still figure there in the reign of Victoria.

Over the mantel-piece in the "back-parlour," which always forms so important an element in banking-houses of this kind, hangs an engraved portrait of John Coutts, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, whose name has been such a tower of strength to the firm. He is represented in a flowing wig and the dress of a gentleman of the time of George II. The original portrait, painted

by Allan Ramsay, the son of the poet of the same name, is in the private collection of Lady Burdett-Coutts.

The banking house of Messrs. Drummonds at Charing Cross was founded by private enterprise early in the eighteenth century, and is consequently the oldest West End bank with the single exception of that of Messrs. Coutts. The story of its origin and establishment is very short and simple.

At a day when it was customary for the younger sons of Scottish, as well as English, noblemen to seek their fortunes by commercial enterprise and industry, Andrew Drummond, the fifth son of Sir John Drummond, the third laird of Machany, and younger brother of William, seventh baron and fourth Viscount Strathallan, came to London as an agent for some of the leading Jacobite houses to the north of the Tweed. This was about the year 1712 or 1713, just previous to the first Scottish Rebellion. He established a house of business on the south side of Charing Cross, close under the walls of Northumberland House, as a "goldsmith and banker." It is said that the house was so small and unpretending that a sailor who came to it to get some prize-money, in a fit of generosity, offered to draw the money which stood to his credit in

sums of £5 or £10, leaving the balance in Mr. Drummond's hands, so as to help a struggling man! The business was removed a year afterwards to the site which it has ever since occupied at the corner of Spring Gardens and Charing Cross.

Mr. Andrew Drummond, who purchased the estate of Stanmore, in Middlesex, died in 1769, in the eighty-third year of his age. He is represented by Malcolm, in his *Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Drummond*, as a man of great integrity and ability. He married a Miss Strahan, or Strachan, a daughter of a London banker, by whom he had a son, to whom he bequeathed his business; and it is worthy of note that from that day to this there has been no partner admitted into the firm except male descendants of Mr. Drummond, and bearers of his name—a singular example of conservatism, in the truest sense of the word.

Such being the origin of the bank, and such the position of its founder, it is almost needless to state here that from the very first Messrs. Drummond had, like Messrs. Coutts, an extensive Scottish connection. Scottish and English families are apt to stick tightly to old friends; and generation follows generation in loyalty to the bank where its fathers have banked before it;

and it is therefore no wonder that this large Scottish connection still remains.

Mr. Peter Cunningham tells us that the founder of this bank obtained his position as chief agent for the Jacobite lairds by advancing money to the Chevalier James Stuart, the first "Pretender," as it is the fashion to call him, and by the consequent withdrawal of the king's banking account. This step on the part of the king led—rather naturally, it must be confessed—to a rush of the Scottish nobility and gentry with their cash and their banking accounts to Charing Cross, and so, in the end, to the advancement of the bank itself to the high position which it has since maintained. Very naturally also, whilst Coutts's became the great bank of the Scottish Whigs, through its connection with the Campbells of Argyll, Messrs. Drummond counted most of the Scottish Jacobites and Tories among their customers.

If it be true of nations that they are most fortunate whose annals are a blank, in all probability the same thing may be said also of banking firms. Such being the case, Messrs. Drummond and Co. may be deemed happy, for their career has been little chequered by events. There is current in the House a tradition that Sir Robert Walpole, in his zeal for the interests of the House

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of Hanover, wished on one occasion to inspect the books at Messrs. Drummond's, in order to make himself acquainted with the financial prospects of the adherents of the Stuarts. It is needless to add that the great Minister found that his wish could not be gratified. Mr. Drummond also, to mark his sense of the affront, turned his back directly upon Sir Robert when he next met him at St. James's; and the king, so far from being offended with him for his apparent rudeness to Walpole, showed Mr. Drummond, either then or subsequently, some special mark of personal favour; what this favour was, however, is not recorded, or, at all events, remembered. It is evident that the house did not lose the favour of either royalty or the Treasury, for a foreigner named Arckenholz, in the middle of the last century, tells us that in his time its partners "had often in their hands several hundred thousand pounds belonging to the Government."

There is a story, which has often been told, respecting Drummond's bank and George IV., when Prince of Wales. The latter, who was a customer of Messrs. Drummond, wanted a large advance, and had no security to offer which that firm judged satisfactory. Mr. Coutts, however, stepped forward at this juncture, and offered to lend the money on the Prince's personal security.

The consequence was that most of the Royal Family (except the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester) transferred their accounts from Charing Cross to the Strand.

Another version of the same story runs as follows: on one occasion, it is said, Messrs. Drummond refused to advance the sum of £500 to Caroline, Princess of Wales, when she was in temporary difficulties. Hence that spirited lady writes to a friend: "Messrs. Drummond shall certainly not be bankers to the Queen of George IV.; for any historian who should write the biography of the ex-Princess of Wales would indeed astonish the world in relating that she could not procure the sum of £500, at the rate of paying £500 a *year* per annum for it." "It is only fair to add," remarks the author of "Old and New London," "that this statement, coming as it does from an angry lady's pen, may very possibly be mere gossip and scandal after all;" and, as a husband and wife who lived on the terms on which the Prince and Princess of Wales existed do not often agree in their actions, it may be inferred that either the one or the other version of the story is without foundation.

It is worthy of note that Pope had a banking account with Drummond's during the last eighteen years of his life, and that at his death

the balance which stood to his credit was paid over to his executors.

There is in the bank a fine and speaking portrait of the founder of the bank, painted by Zoffany, representing him as a gentleman of the old school, in a long blue coat and wig, and with a gold-headed cane and snuff-box in his hands, and a favourite dog by his side. The dog has long since perished, but the cane and the snuff-box remain in the hands of Messrs. Drummond to this day, and they are both treasured as venerable relics at the bank. There is an engraving of this picture, but copies of it are very rare.

A ROMANCE OF BERKELEY SQUARE.

IT is possible that at all events my lady readers may take an interest in a little romance which occurred nearly a century since to a member of the great firm of Messrs. Child and Co., who then carried and still carry on the business of bankers, at the house which adjoined Temple Bar, under the sign of the "Marygold."

Mr. Robert Child, a grandson of Sir Francis Child, erst Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, and at one time M.P. for the City, was head partner of this celebrated firm during the first few years when George the Third was King. He was a careful and thrifty man, not to say a trifle penurious; and he had not only traded, but had lived till middle age with the sign of the

“Marygold” swinging backwards and forwards over his head. He was by no means a youth when he removed with his family into the then fashionable quarter of Lincoln’s Inn Fields, and had seen more than fifty summers when, in 1767, he purchased a house in Berkeley Square, the same which, till within the last four or five years, has been the town mansion of his descendants, the Earls of Jersey.

One day Mr. Child asked Sheridan, who was his neighbour in the country, to write for him a lay sermon, which Sheridan very kindly promised to do. As it was not money which he had to pay, Sheridan kept his promise, and took for his text a verse in St Luke’s Gospel, which speaks of a “certain rich man.” In his discourse he described the personal character and conduct of Mr. Child with such accuracy that no one could possibly mistake as to the person whom “the cap fitted.” Mr. Child never quite forgave the preacher, for the arrow had gone home. The truth is that he was not only very penurious, he was also very proud. He had married a daughter of Paul Jodrell, who was highly connected among the county families of her time, and had relations who, on levee days and drawing-rooms, had been used to pay their court to George II. and his Queen, at Kensington, though

she consented to become the wife of the owner of the "Marygold."

This marriage brought to him one daughter, who was born about the year 1762, and to whom he was much attached. He named her Sarah, after her mother. And in truth he had good reason to be proud of her, for, for she grew up to be very pretty and very charming; and, when she "came out" in the spring of 1780, she was looked upon as one of the belles of the season, and it was prophesied that she would marry a duke at the very least.

But she was not destined to win the strawberry leaves of a ducal coronet. For the man of her choice she was content to look two degrees lower down among the grades of the peerage, and to secure an earl was the highest point of ambition at which she aimed. Her father, however, did not regard her views with satisfaction. One afternoon a certain noble earl, a customer of the bank, was dining quietly *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Child in the back parlour under the sign of the "Marygold," no doubt with a view to discuss some question of a loan or a profitable investment. When the money question had been sufficiently considered, and the port had passed freely round, John Fane, Earl of Westmoreland—for he was the visitor—turned round some-

what sharply to the old banker and said, "Mr. Child, I wish for your candid opinion on the following case. Suppose that you were in love with a young lady, and that her father refused his consent to her marriage with you, what would you think of doing?" "Why, I should run away with her, of course," was the answer of Mr. Child, who at the time had no suspicion whatever that the question was one which had the slightest reference to himself or to pretty Miss Sarah, who was just eighteen, and whom Lord Westmoreland had met once or twice in society.

The dinner over, Mr. Child returned to his suburban mansion in the far West, having dropped Lord Westmoreland *en route* at his bachelor lodgings near Leicester Fields, as they then were called. A few nights afterwards, whilst the old gentleman was quietly dozing after dinner in his armchair, a post-chaise and four drew up under the shadow of the plane trees which had then been newly planted in Berkeley Square. At a given signal, a young lady stepped into the carriage, followed by her lover. The postboys drove or rode off as fast as the four horses could carry them along the northern road which led towards Scotland. It is said that the young lady was enabled to make her exit from her father's house by the maid being bribed to drug the ever

watchful duenna, who slept in the outer room of Miss Sarah's chamber, and who did not awake till the night-watchman of the Square, one of the old "Charlies," knocked at the door in the middle of the night, and communicated the fact that "the bird had flown."

The next step was to call Mr. Child, who, old and penurious as he was, at once took a post chaise and pursued the runaways. They had some hours' start: but whether Mr. Child had the better horses, or whether he had more relays than the young people, no one knows; but certain it is that he overtook them when they were already close upon the Cumberland border, and only a stage short of the famous terminus of Gretna Green. Finding himself so hotly pursued, Lord Westmoreland, who carried pistols, after the fashion of the time, and was reckoned a good shot, stood up in his carriage, and, looking back out of the window, shot the leader of Mr. Child's chaise, and so caused the vehicle to break down and capsize. This bold measure gave Lord Westmoreland and the fair companion of his flight time to get safe across the border, where the accommodating blacksmith was in readiness, with the Prayer Book open at the matrimonial service, his wife standing by as clerk and witness in one. The pair were married and retired to rest

at the inn before Mr. Child could overtake them. A marriage thus performed in Scotland by a layman, it is needless to add, was at that time as valid as if performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in Hanover Square; and what was done on May, 20, 1782, could not be undone even by the House of Lords or by all the Bishops on the Bench.

And what course did Mr. Child take? Instead of making up his mind that "what can't be cured must be endured," and reflecting that the holder of so ancient an earldom as that of Westmoreland was, after all, an excellent match in a worldly sense for a plain banker's daughter, he allowed his pride to overcome his sense, and threw himself into a furious passion. He vowed that he would never forgive Lord Westmoreland for what he had done; and kept his word. Within a year he was numbered with the dead, having never recovered the blow.

He lived long enough, however, to witness the birth of a little granddaughter, to whom with dutiful kindness the young people gave the name of Sarah, after her mother and her grandmother. This delicate attention appears to have touched his feelings, as we may surmise from the fact that he drew up a will, leaving to the child his large fortune. The infant, on reaching womanhood,

married, in 1804, the Earl of Jersey, to whom she brought as a dowry her partnership in the banking house of Messrs. Child and Co. The Lords Jersey themselves and their families have ever since borne the name of Child in addition to that of Villiers ; and the present Lord Jersey, Sarah's grandson, is not ashamed to own himself a partner in the house, which still rejoices in the sign of the "Marygold."

It may be added that in the first floor front room at Messrs. Childs', through which entrance was gained into the upper chamber of Temple Bar, there may still be seen a full-length portrait of Sarah, Lady Jersey, painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence when she was still in the pride of early womanhood, and that the portrait will ever be regarded as one of the chief heirlooms of the house.

A CHAPTER ON LONDON SIGNS.

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago, before the practice of numbering the houses in our streets was introduced, nothing would have struck a visitor to London more forcibly than the number and variety of the sign-boards affixed to the fronts of the houses or swinging on poles over the footway. If he had been of an intelligent turn of mind, he could easily have found, as he walked along the Strand, Fleet Street, and Cheapside, a sort of "Memoria Technica" of the English history which he read as a child. Indeed, nearly all the leading characters and main facts in the annals of our country must have been pictorially displayed, in a manner not devoid of interest. He would have seen on his right and left hands the "White and Red Roses" of York and Lancaster; the "White Hart" of

Richard II.; the "White Swan" of Henry V.; the "Red Dragon and Greyhound" of the Tudors; the "Boar's Head" of Richard III.; the "Royal Oak" of Charles; and the "White Horse" of the House of Brunswick. He would have noticed also that heads, especially of royal personages, formed a large percentage of the whole; though these he would have found on inquiry were largely subject to change—there being a strange tendency among them to "worship the rising sun" by substituting a new for an old sovereign. In like manner, the "Duke's Head," which, in the time of Blenheim, implied the Duke of Marlborough, was changed to his Royal Highness of York, or, at a later date, to his Grace of Wellington. As Byron caustically remarks in *Don Juan* :—

"Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe, Hawke,
 Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne, Keppel, Howe,
 Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,
 And filled their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now."

It must not be supposed that, in the days to which we refer, the use of sign-boards was confined to inns and hostelries, as now-a-days it is. The heads of "Milton" and "Shakespeare" also were occasionally seen amongst those of kings and generals. The latter was used by Jacob Tonson, in the Strand, over against Catherine Street,

Strand, and afterwards by Miller, a Scotchman, who published the early editions of the works of Fielding, Thompson, Gibbon, and others, and who altered his sign to the head of "Buchanan." The heads of Homer, Horace, and Cicero, were also adopted as signs, especially by booksellers; and it was no uncommon practice for publicans and others, not renowned for modesty, to decorate their house fronts by hanging out their own portraits, as in the case of "Paul Pindar," in Bishopsgate Street, an instance which the Society of Antiquaries many years ago considered sufficiently authentic to publish. Nor should we here omit to notice the house of Taylor, the "water poet," in Phoenix Alley, near Long Acre, the setting up of which may be excused in his own words:—

"There's many a head stands for a sign,
Then, gentle reader, why not mine?"

Neither, again, must we forget the "Cuckold's Head," as characteristic of the time of Henry VIII.:—

"Here is mary one marchauntes of allgate,
Her husbode dwelleth at ye sygne of ye "Cokeldes pate,"
Nexete house to Robyn renawaye."

The heathen deities and their attributes were somewhat more rare; nevertheless we find

the "Caduceus of Mercury," probably indicating expedition. The head of "Esculapius," his "serpent and staff," or his "cock," were appropriate signs for professors of the healing art, and they are still found decorating our modern druggists, as well as the head of "Galen," or the "Phoenix" rising from the flames. Dragons, mermaids, and other nondescripts contributed largely their share to the departed genius of decoration of our old city. John Rastell lived in Cheapside, "at the sign of the 'Mearmayd,' next to Polly's gate," where he published the "Pastyme of the People," and in the same locality, at the "Green Dragon," was published the first edition of the "Merchant of Venice." The sign of Alderman Boydell was the "Unicorn," at the corner of Queen Street, Cheapside.

In Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," is a characteristic song, which particularly relates to the signs of the inns, and the people who resorted thither in the reign of James I. :—

"The gentry to the King's Head,
The nobles to the Crown,
The knights unto the Golden Fleece,
And to the Plough the clown.
The churchman to the Mitre,
The shepherd to the Star,
The gardener hies him to the Rose,
To the Drum the man-of-war ;

To the Feathers, *indica*, you ; the Globe
The seaman doth not scorn ;
The usurer to the Devil, and
The townsman to the Horn,
The huntsman to the White Hart,
To the Ship the merchants go,
But you that do the Muses love,
The sign called River Po,
The banquerout to the World's End,
The fools to the Fortune hie,
Unto the Mouth the oyster-wife,
The fiddler to the Pie,
The punk unto the Cockatrice,
The drunkard to the Vine,
The beggar to the Bush, then meet,
And with Duke Humphrey dine."

Even the old theatres, in the Stuart days at least, were known and conventionally represented by signs. In want of better reasons for explaining the motives which prompted the owners in the selection of them, we may conclude that the "Globe" may have had some reference to the circular form of the building, while the "Fortune" was as appropriate as in the present day, from the extremely precarious nature of theatrical speculations. The "Red Bull" doubtless referred to the sort of entertainment to be met with there, when bears and, bulls were baited to vary the amusements ; and in connection with early plays, it will not be inappropriate to note that it was at

the sign of the "Red Bull" that the first edition of "King Lear" was published.

But though it was made necessary by Act of Parliament that the houses in London should be numbered, and though the greater part of the signs then existing were ordered to be taken down before George III. had been very long seated on his throne, yet many signs escaped the hand of the ruthless destroyer, and after being kept perhaps in the kitchen or back cellar for a few years, were again set up, one by one, as soon as it was safe to do so; we will therefore endeavour to glean a handful of those signs which still remain, or, at all events, remained till the days of Victoria, serving as links in the chain of history and connecting the present with the past.

It must be owned that westward of Temple Bar there are now-a-days few signs which have any claim on our attention on account of antiquity or originality. Perhaps the most interesting of those which survive in these parts are the "Running Footman," in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, reminding us of the days of Sedan chairs. At one end of King Street, Westminster, until about twenty years ago, there was to be seen a good specimen of a "Boar's Head," doubtless the original sign of an inn which was of note under the Tudors. Of this

house there is extant a token, bearing the legend "The Bore's head in King's Streete, Westminster," and on the reverse, in the field, the letters "I. D. W.," but without a date. The editor of the "Magazine of Art," about the year 1850, thus writes respecting the centre and eastern end of the Strand:—

"At the corner of Catherine Street is a carving in stone of a "Lion" leaning on a shield, and at No. 166 an antique-looking "Lamb," gilt and suspended by his body over the doorway. (There are several of these decorations still remaining in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, as well as other parts of London, as signs for hosiers and woollendrapers.) At No. 46, in the upper part of an old house, there is a carved "Lion's Head," which is worthy of notice on account of its peculiar position; it has the appearance of looking out of an open window of the upper story or garret; but whether it occupies its original place is a matter for conjecture. Over an ironmonger's near St. Clement's Church, there remains the old sign of a "Gridiron and Bell." Near this locality, in Holywell Street, there exist several houses, decidedly good specimens, if not the best remaining in London, of its ancient architecture. Over the doorway of an old book-shop is a noble sign, in gilt metal, of a "Half Moon," with the face of a

man in the inner side. Adjoining this house is a fragment of carving on the post of a narrow passage. An old globe lamp still occupies its place near it, and together with an abundance of venerable dirt, forms an exceedingly picturesque group."

Respecting this sign it may be remarked that it was by no means rare in London, and doubtless bore a covert allusion to the legend of the Man in the Moon, a sign which was sometimes painted as a Crescent with a man standing in a rather uncomfortable position between its horns.

Upon arriving at the spot where Temple Bar stood we enter upon a new field; historical associations crowd upon us in connection with the haunts of the great authors and literati of the last two centuries; but without allowing these to divert us from our purpose, the first house we arrive at, Messrs. Child's Bank, contains still the original sign of the "Marygold," though not displayed on the exterior. A few doors eastward of this house is Gosling's Bank, on the front of which is still exhibited the old sign of the "Three Squirrels." These are represented in iron, and attached to the bars on the upper part of the centre window, are spiritedly executed, and curious specimens. At a few doors beyond, in the same direction, we arrive at the banking-house

Of Messrs. Hoare, over whose doorway they have fixed the original sign of the "Leather Bottle." Nearer Temple Bar, on the opposite side of the way, and over the entrance, there is the sign of the "Cock" tavern. There is reason to believe that it is the original sign which decorated the house when honest Izaak Walton took his morning draught of ale there. From a notice issued by the master, in 1665, when the plague was raging, that he should shut up his house for several weeks, we learn that it was called the "Cock and Bottle," the latter of which now forms no part of the sign. A plausible motive for the adoption of the sign may have been meant to denote that the game of throwing at cocks was played there. A token was issued by William Brandon, who kept a house he called "Ye have at it," on Dowgate Hill; and on this coin is a man about to throw a stick at a cock. The "Mitre" tavern, opposite St. Dunstan's, which was formerly a resort of the wits of the last century, exhibits a gilt sign over the lamp. At the corner of Fetter Lane there stood, till a quarter of a century ago, the shop in which Cobbett sold his "Weekly Register," over which there was an enormous gilt gridiron, a sign which was noticed by the old political economist in his work. The "Bell" tavern, in Fleet Street, has a good speci-

men of the flat sign which was adopted after the order of Common Council for the removal of the projecting ones. It is a large and bold painting on a metal plate. The subject of this sign may have reference to the saint of the parish church, St. Bride's.

In pursuing our journey eastwards we shall find few signs of note. The "Bolt in Tun," once a convivial hostelry in Fleet Street, and afterwards a centre of railway conveyance, has disappeared within the memory of those who are still young. The line of Ludgate Hill scarcely boasts a single living sign, though Messrs. Cassell's publishing offices still commemorate the name of the once famous "Belle Savage," in whose yard many plays of the Elizabethan days were acted. The same writer whom I have already quoted, tells us that the sign of the "Gilt Perches" was removed only a quarter of a century since from one of the doorways of Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, the great silversmiths. They were cast in metal, and were not flat upon the wall, but projected over the footway. The sign of the "Daniel Lambert," which at the same date was to be seen, he tells us, within a few doors of St. Paul's Churchyard, and was an authentic portrait of the great man of Maldon in the days of his obesity, has likewise, like its prototype, gone the

way of all created things. In London-house Yard, St. Paul's, the visitors may still see a curious sign, the "Goose and Gridiron," but there is no reason for believing that it can claim a greater antiquity than the reign of George the Second.

It may be added that on the north side of Whitechapel High Street, a few doors from Aldgate, there is, or was till lately, a curious old inn, called the "Angel," with a still more curious sign, representing three women robed in white, and which, on a close examination, I found to portray three nuns with veils and whimples. It was probably as old as the Reformation. But the nuns had been developed by the fancy of the Whitechapel drovers into angels, and when the old sign grew too dirty to be seen except under a strong light, its real meaning was forgotten, and the three angels apparently were "rolled into one."

THE TWO-FOLD ROMANCE OF THE
STRAND.

I.—THE DUCHESS TURNED MILLINER.

II.—THE MILLINER TURNED DUCHESS.

IT is not a little singular that the prosaic region of the Strand should have been the scene of two romances, each the opposite of the other, though in both the prominent part was played by ladies who were the wives of dukes.

Exeter Change, or, as it was long called, "The New Exchange," consisted, down to the last century, of a basement with cellars, a ground floor level with the street, and forming a public walk, and an upper story, in which were stalls or shops, occupied by milliners, sempstresses, and members of other trades which supplied ladies' dresses and fashionable articles of attire. From and after the period of the Restoration—standing

in a central position between the Court and the City—it became a fashionable resort, and was so widely popular that there is scarcely a dramatist of the reign of Charles II. who has not at least one reference to the gay character of the place. The shops and stalls had their respective signs: one of which, the “Three Spanish Gipsies,” was kept by Thomas Radford and his wife. Mrs. Radford was the daughter of John Clarges, a farrier in the Strand, and she eventually figured in history as Duchess of Albemarle.

But another duchess, very different in character from the daughter of the common blacksmith and farrier, is said to have worked as a milliner in a shop, either in Exeter Change or in its immediate vicinity; and it is with her that we have now to deal.

This lady was Frances Jennings, sister to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough; she married, for her first husband, George, Count Hamilton, a member of the Abercorn family, and a *maréchal de camp* in the French service. By him she had three daughters: Elizabeth, afterwards the wife of Viscount Ross; Frances, wife of Viscount Dillon; and Mary, wife of Viscount Kingsland.

When the death of Count Hamilton left his Countess free to marry again, her hand was sought by Colonel Richard Talbot, Baron of

Talbot's Town, Viscount of Baltinglass, and Earl of Tyrconnell. The Earl was subsequently, on March 20, 1689, advanced to the dignity of Marquess and Duke of Tyrconnell, by King James II., in whose service, as Chief Governor of Ireland, he died, at Limerick, two years afterwards, of a broken heart, on the failure of his efforts to restore his master to his throne. His widowed duchess was left with two daughters, one of whom, Charlotte, eventually married a foreign nobleman—the Prince of Vintimiglia.

No record remains of the length of time which elapsed after her second widowhood before Frances, Duchess of Tyrconnell, set up her little milliner's shop in Exeter Change. Pennant, the antiquary, speaks of her as "a female suspected of having been Tyrconnell's duchess;" adding that she supported herself here for a short time by the trade of the place; for she "had delicacy enough not to wish to be detected." She is said to have sat in her shop attired in a white dress and white mask, and to have been known as "the White Milliner;" under which name her story was dramatised by Douglas Jerrold, and put upon the stage, at Covent Garden, in 1840.

Now, allowing the anecdote to be true, the question immediately arises, why did the Duchess of Tyrconnell choose a mode of life which she evi-

dently considered a degradation? She could not have been wholly without means, when the Duke of Tyrconnell had been receiving £20,000 per annum out of forfeited estates in Ireland (in acknowledgment of his signal services), in addition to an income derived from his own large estates. She had four daughters well married, any or all of whom, one would think, would have been able and eager to receive the widowed mother into her house, if she were in need.

Besides, she clearly had money, for after the death of the Duke (whose sincere attachment to his unfortunate sovereign has never been disputed), the Duchess applied for, and, in spite of the penal laws against Roman Catholics, obtained permission to erect a religious house (still standing) in King Street, Dublin.

When we consider the use to which the Duchess of Tyrconnell devoted this house, the problem seems solved—it was to be a convent for Poor Clares. The cost of the building may have been greater than she calculated; or, at any rate, her Poor Clares, when settled in the house, would need food. The Duchess was probably not a skilful beggar, even for them; but she could humble her pride, could engage in a lowly trade in Exeter Change in order to support her *protégées*; and, seen in this light, the act is as brave

and self-denying and heroic an example of charity as may be met with in the life of many a canonized saint.

Burying all the attractions and graces which once so adorned the Court, she lived among her Poor Clares in obscure retirement to the great age of ninety-two, and died at her house in Paradise Row, Dublin (says Horace Walpole), "in consequence of falling out of bed upon the floor on a winter's night. Being too feeble to rise or to call for aid, she was found in the morning so numbed by the cold that she lived only a few hours."

Horace Walpole adds, with his usual piquancy and ill-nature: "She was of very low stature, extremely thin, and had not the least trace in her features of ever having been a beauty." But this is probably a very false picture.

The Duchess was interred in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, March 9, 1730, and no doubt was followed to the grave by the blessings of her Poor Clares.

The Dukedom of Tyrconnell, being conferred after the abdication of King James, is not reckoned upon the roll of Ulster King of Arms, and, indeed, it died with its first holder. But a fine portrait of the Milliner Duchess of Tyrconnell is to be seen at Malahide Castle, near Dublin, the

seat of the Duke's nearest kinsman and representative, Lord Talbot de Malahide. It represents her, however, not at she appeared in her lowly guise, as the little white milliner of the Strand, nor as the foundress of the house of Poor Clares, but in the prime of her life, when she shone as one of the ornaments of the English Court, as pure as she was bright—no small credit, it must be allowed, when we remember that the Court was that of Charles II.

Readers of the Count de Grammont's amusing "Memoirs" will not have forgotten his mention of the Duchess as having been eminently graceful and pretty when she adorned the Court of St. James's in her youth, and how the Merry Monarch found her virtue proof against all temptations, though she was lively enough to join in the pastimes of the Court, and on one occasion joined another maid of honour in dressing up as an orange-wench, in order to have her fortune told in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

A striking contrast to the White Milliner is to be found in Anne—or, as she was usually called, at least in early life, "Nan"—Clarges, who eventually came to be Duchess of Albemarle, as the wife of General Monk, the restorer of royalty in England. "Nan" had no cause to boast of her

parentage, her father, John Clarges, being a blacksmith and farrier, who lived at his forge, near the junction of Drury Lane and the Strand; while her mother was one of a company of women who carried on the trade of barbers in the same locality, and, it would seem, a person in no repute, at all events for morals. A ballad is extant, written upon this woman and four of her compeers, the burden of which is—

“ Did ever you know the like,
Or ever hear the same,
Of the five women barbers
That lived in Drury Lane ?”

Such people as a farrier and a barber, very naturally, did not give their daughter much of an education; but it was sufficient for the trade to which she was brought up, that of a milliner; and, as habits and manners acquired in early life are usually difficult to get rid of, however much circumstances may alter, so Nan retained strong traces of the blacksmith's daughter, even after her elevation to a coronet with strawberry leaves.

In 1632 we find Nan Clarges married to a certain Thomas Ratford, son to another man of the same name who had been farrier and servant to Prince Charles, and who resided in the Royal Mews at Bloomsbury. The young couple lived at a shop with the sign of “The Three Spanish

Gipsies," in the New Exchange, in the Strand, and sold such things as washballs, powder, and gloves, Mrs. Ratford also teaching girls plain work. A daughter, who was born to them in 1634, died at four years old. Some twelve or fourteen years later, Nan Clarges was acting as sempstress and washerwoman to Colonel Monk, then confined in the Tower, as a royalist, by the Parliament; in this capacity she used to carry his linen, and made herself useful to him to the utmost of her power. In 1649 she and her husband fell out and parted, and thenceforth she claimed to rank as a widow, but no certificate from any parish register could ever be produced to prove her husband's burial.

It appears that Nan, or Mrs. Ratford, whichever was her name, went to live with Monk, now General and Admiral for the Parliament, and, vulgar woman as she was, and destitute of beauty and of every charm that might allure a lover, still Monk married her in 1652, at St. George's Church, Southwark. Perhaps he was influenced by gratitude, or by that need of repose in private life which frequently accompanies or follows unusual activity in the business of the world. Another, and perhaps more likely reason assigned for the marriage was Monk's anxiety to maintain that devout and respectable appearance which was indispensable

to fortune under the canting Puritan *régime*; and he therefore thought it expedient to clear his conduct from any irregularities which might hinder his advancement. It also appears certain that Mrs. Ratford used, if not the influences of religion, at least the discourses of its ministers, to induce the General to "make an honest woman of her." "Taking no care for any other part of herself," says Clarendon, "she had deposited her soul with some Presbyterian ministers." These declared the marriage to be a necessity; and thereupon Monk contracted it. Was he wholly to blame? Perhaps not. He had always a high opinion of his wife's understanding, and often consulted her on important matters. Though an ardent Presbyterian and a hater of episcopacy, she was also a zealous Royalist, and, possessing and using a freedom of speech on which no one else would have ventured, she was for ever persuading the General to return to his old allegiance. To such a step he was probably well inclined, for he could not but remember that his murdered king had sent him £100 when a prisoner in the Tower, although he could then ill spare one penny of the sum.

In the year 1653 Nan bore him a son, who received the name of Christopher; and she afterwards had another son, who died in infancy, to

the sincere grief of the parents, but especially of the General.

When Cromwell departed this life and was succeeded by his son Richard, some suspicion of disloyalty to the new state of things fell on Generaf Monk. But his wife ever used to rebut it by saying, "Mr. Monk is a Presbyterian, and my son Kit (the boy was then six years old) is for the Long Parliament and the good cause."

When the General started for his march from Scotland to London, Mrs. Monk hastened to him; but, assuring her that she was not equal to such a journey, he sent her to Berwick in order to come by sea to the capital. Here she was employed to receive the wives of the Members of Parliament, who were not a little astonished by their hostess herself pouring out wine for them, and hurrying off to fetch the sweetmeats which it was also customary to offer. She overwhelmed them also with her talkativeness, even more than with her vulgar civility, and few could carry away with them a favourable impression of the great man's wife.

Still her brother Thomas had raised himself above the station to which he was born. He had for many years been a commissary for Charles II., and as such had tried to influence his brother-in-law, the General. As early as the 5th of May,

1660, an address from Monk's army had been entrusted to Clarges to convey to Breda, and when he had fulfilled his mission, he returned Sir Thomas Clarges.

At this time Monk's slightest expressions were caught up; so it was soon known and noised abroad that Mrs. Monk, in her impertinent gaiety, had asked Hugh Peters, who had grown rich on confiscated property, "if he was not for the Restoration?" and poor little Kit, tormented by questions, had confessed that one morning, when in bed, his father and mother had talked about the King's return.

At last Charles really arrived at Dover, and all London went out of its wits to greet His Majesty's return. A maypole, upwards of a hundred and thirty feet high, was set up in the Strand, where St. Mary's Church was afterwards built; and it is said that John Clarges, the blacksmith, was the man who caused the pole to be erected; but, as he is known to have died in 1648, it was probably a son of his who signalized himself over the maypole, at which, we are told, "the little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying golden days began to appear."

At the junction of Drury Lane and Wych Street, close to the Olympic Theatre, is a narrow court

called Maypole Alley, and near this spot must have stood the forge of John Clarges, the blacksmith, who brought back the old maypole to the Strand.

The merry monarch's friend in need and restorer was created Duke of Albemarle, but the manners and habits of his duchess became the laughing-stock of a witty and jocular court. Thus Pepys enters in his "Diary," under date November 4th, 1666, "The Duke of Albemarle is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with, of whom he (Mr. Cooling) told me this story. That once the Duke of Albemarle, in his drink, taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hyde should ever come to be Duchess of York; 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'never wonder at that, for, if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not greater miracle. And what was that, but that our dirty Bess (meaning his duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle.'"

Again, April 4th, 1667, Pepys writes: "I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner, with sorry company—some of his officers of the Army—dirty dishes and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner." In fact, Pepys evidently regarded the Duchess with

positive aversion. He has never a good word to say for her, and calls her a "plain and homely dowdy," and a "very ill-looking woman."

Still she met with some appreciation. There is in the British Museum a curious poem entitled "The Entertainment of the Lady Monk at Fisher's Folly, together with an address made to her by a member of the College of Bedlam, at her visiting those Phanatiques." Part of it ran thus:—

"Thrice welcome, noble Lady, to this Place,
Wife to a Person sprung of Royal Race.

• • • • •

You are a welcome guest
Unto our board, whose presence makes us jolly,
Since you vouchsafe to come to Fisher's Folly."

It is certain, however, that the brave commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by his wife's tongue. At one time, when offered the command of the Navy, he begged that the transaction might be kept a profound secret, "for if," he said, "his wife should come to know it, before he had prepared her, she would break out into such passions as would be very uneasy to him; but he would soon dispose her well enough."

The hen-pecked husband soon fell a victim to dropsy, and the unlovable wife did not long sur-

vive him. She was buried by his side in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey.

Their son, Christopher—the boy Kit—became second Duke, though his legitimacy was not established without great difficulty, and perhaps, not very satisfactorily after all. He ran through most of the wealth which his father left him, and died in 1688, without issue, bequeathing what remained of his property to his cousin, Sir Walter Clarges, Baronet, son to Nan's brother, Sir Thomas Clarges. From him Clarges Street, in Piccadilly, derives its name. The dukedom, of course, became extinct, and the title of Albemarle was afterwards conferred by William the Dutchman on the head of the house of Keppel, who still enjoy it.

THE HOLBEIN GATEWAY,
WESTMINSTER.

WITH the reign of "Bluf King Hall" commenced a new era of architecture, in an artistic sense, at all events so far as this country is concerned; and it must not be forgotten that it was through the reputation which that king had gained abroad for taste and generosity that Hans Holbein was induced to settle down in England. A large number of that painter's works found a place upon the walls of the house of the good Sir Thomas More, at Chelsea, where he had been kept employed for the space of nearly three years. It was by the instrumentality of Sir Thomas, as Mr. Peter Cunningham tells us in an article on this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that the great German artist was first introduced to the King, who had been invited to

view the pictures. Henry, surprised and delighted at what he saw, exclaimed: "Is the artist alive, and is he to be had for money?" Holbein was accordingly presented to the King, who at once took him into his service, and, as his biographers inform us, treated him in a very liberal and handsome manner. A pension was settled upon him, and apartments were placed at his disposal in Wolsey's old palace at Whitehall.

One of the first works which he executed at the King's request was a design for a magnificent gateway, which was built about the year 1546, in front of the Palace, opposite the tilt-yard at Westminster. The gateway itself, which stood across the road leading from Charing Cross to the Abbey, was flanked on either side by low brick buildings of a single story in height. Its position was, as nearly as possible, in front of the centre of what is now the Treasury, close to the Banqueting House at Whitehall. The archway through it led to what was then, and now is, King Street, in the middle of which thoroughfare was another gateway, called "Westminster Gate." The well-known "cock-pit" of the Stuart times adjoined Holbein's gateway on the west.

The gateway itself was constructed of small square stones and flint boulders, and altogether presented a pleasing variety of colour, being

glazed and disposed in a tessellated manner. On each front were four medallions, or busts; these were coloured and gilt, and, as it is asserted, "resisted all influences of the weather." They were composed of terra-cotta, life-sized, or even a little larger, and represented the chief characters of the age. Among them were those of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. These three medallions are strongly believed by some persons to have been the work of an Italian artist, Torregiano.

Mr. J. T. Smith, in his "Antiquities of Westminster," speaks of the gateway in the following terms:—"It is scarcely to be supposed that, in the time of Hubert de Burgh's residence here, there was anything like that noble space which the width of the street opposite Whitehall now (1807) affords. On the contrary, the probability seems to be that there was not, and it is far more likely that it did not at that time exceed the breadth of the present King Street. Passing by Whitehall, the way was continued along a street of this same width, which originally had on its eastern side the wall of part of the garden, or orchard, or other ground, belonging to Whitehall,* as may be seen in the plan made in 1680,

* Strype's Stow, Book VI. p. 5. Stow, 1633, p. 496; 1618, p. 841.

by John Fisher, a surveyor at that time, and which was afterwards engraved by Vertue. On the western side, this street had the wall of that enclosure since converted into St. James's Park; but when Henry VIII. had acquired possession of Whitehall, in 1531, by exchanging with the abbot and convent of Westminster, he procured to himself this enclosure, part of which he converted into the before-mentioned park,* and on the rest he erected a tennis-court, a cock-pit, a bowling-alley, a long stone gallery—which was for some time occupied by the late Duke of Dorset, and subsequently by Lord Whitworth—and other buildings, many of which are wholly, or in part, still (1807) remaining.”

Of the two gateways mentioned above, a description is given in the “New View of London,” printed in 1708. One of them, as already stated, is styled “Westminster Gate,” and is said to be “an ancient piece of building, opening out of the cock-pit into King Street, in the north part of Westminster. This structure,” continues the account, “is old, with the remains of several figures, the Queen's arms, roses, &c., whereby it was enriched. It hath four towers, and the south side is adorned with pilasters and entablature of the Ionic order. There are also in Westminster

* Widmore's “History of Westminster Abbey,” p. 123.

the gates opening out of New Palace Yard and and Tuthill (Tothill) Street." There was also in former times another gateway in Westminster, of which no mention is made in the above extract, and therefore it is evident that it must have been removed before the "New View of London" was written; this was a gate at the end of King Street, leading into the Sanctuary of Westminster Abbey.

The Cock-pit Gate—that designed by Holbein—is said to have been an extraordinarily beautiful structure; "it is built of square stone, with small squares of flint boulder very neatly set. It has also battlements and four lofty towers; and the whole is enriched with bustos, roses, portcullisses, and Queen's arms, both on the north and south sides."

When this gate was pulled down, its materials were granted to William, Duke of Cumberland, then Ranger of Windsor Parks and Forests, who had solicited it with the view of re-erecting it in the Long Walk in the Great Park. The stones of the gateway were accordingly removed to Windsor; but the intention for erecting it in the Great Park seems to have been abandoned, for, as Mr. J. T. Smith tells us, "a medallion from it is in one of the fronts of a keeper's lodge, near the head of the Virginia Water, near World's End

Gate, as it is corruptly called, instead of The World's End Gate. . . A similar medallion, part of it also, is in another cottage, built about the year 1790, also in the Great Park, and accessible from the road from Peascod Street, by the barracks. Other stones form the basement as high as the dado, or moulding, and also the cornice of the inside of a chapel at the great lodge, which chapel was begun in the Duke's lifetime, but was unfinished at his death."

Pennant speaks of Holbein's Gateway as being "built with bricks of two colours, glazed, and disposed in a tessellated fashion. The top," he tells his readers, "as well as that of an elegant tower on each side, was embattled; and on each front were four busts in baked clay, in proper colours, which resisted to the last every attack of the weather; possibly the artificial stone revived in this country." These, he adds, he has been lately informed, were preserved in a private hand. The busts had ornamented mouldings round them, and were composed of baked clay, in proper colours, and glazed in the manner of Delft ware, which no doubt had been the means of preserving them.

After the gate was taken down, three of the busts fell into the hands of a dealer in old iron, &c., in Belton Street, in the neighbourhood of

St. Giles's. This man had them in his possession for some three or four years, when they were purchased, rather over a hundred years ago, by a Mr. Wright, who employed Flaxman, the sculptor, then a boy, to repair them. The dress of one of the busts was painted dark red, and it had gilt ornaments, among which were the Rose and the letter H, the Crown and R in gold.

In 1866, when Mr. Peter Cunningham wrote, these busts were in the possession of Mr. Wright, of Hatfield Priory, Essex, great-grandson of the Mr. Wright mentioned above. This gentleman, in a letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, a few years ago, says—"I remember some years ago (after reading an account of the busts in the 'Antiquities of Westminster'), scraping off some of the paint, and I found them glazed and coloured. I suppose the reason why they were painted over was that a good deal of the enamel had worn off or was damaged in some way, so Flaxman thought it better to paint them."

Maitland, in his "History of London" (1739), speaks of Holbein's Gateway as still standing. He calls it "the present stately gate, opposite the Banqueting House." He says that soon after becoming possessed of Whitehall, Henry, "for other diversions, erected, contiguous to the aforesaid gate, a tennis court, cock-pit and places to

bowl in; the former of which only are now remaining, the rest being converted into dwelling-houses and offices for the Privy Council, Treasury, and Secretaries of State.”

It is suggested by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* that these medallions should be sent to the Kensington Exhibition, in order that those who are skilled in such matters may decide whether they are the work of Torregiano, as generally supposed, or that of John de Maiano, as Sir Henry Ellis was inclined to believe. But the suggestion has not been carried out, so far as I am aware.

Of Holbein's Gateway several views have been published at different times; that of Hollar is the best, and it is now exceedingly rare.

“THE KING’S HEAD” IN THE POULTRY.

ALTHOUGH there is no longer a “King’s Head” in the Poultry, one need not carry one’s memory very far back in order to recall the day when I enjoyed a chop or a steak at a hostelry which flourished under that sign, as often as business called me eastward of Temple Bar. As it then appeared it was not an old inn, certainly; but it stood on the site of a predecessor which could trace up, not its ancestry, but its actual existence to the days of the Commonwealth; for it was already a licensed house of refreshment when, on Tuesday the 29th of May, in the year of Grace 1660, between three and four of the clock in the afternoon, King Charles II. of blessed memory, as he passed through the loyal City of London in his Restoration triumph, here publicly saluted the wife of the

host who kept it. The tradition rests on very respectable authority ; for one Mistress Mary King, the sister-in-law of the worthy woman thus royally saluted, was the grandmother of William Bowyer, the printer, who had apprenticed to him John Nichols, the venerable compiler of “Literary Anecdotes of the eighteenth century,” and the father and grandfather of successive editors of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*.

The tavern of which I speak stood during the Civil Wars at the west end of the Stocks Market, a spot now covered by the Mansion House. Before the Restoration of Charles, of course it did not bear the sign of the “King’s Head,” for the Commonwealth people had chopped that off rather summarily. While the Puritans and Parliamentarians had the ascendancy, it rejoiced in the neutral and innocent name of “the Rose,” a device which grew proudly over a stately, but narrow doorway, which indicated in the main street the good cheer to be had within, in the large and spacious court behind. On this plan, indeed, nearly all the large City taverns were constructed, space fronting the street being extremely valuable ; and hence it arose that the “King’s Head” of our own times was approached through a narrow entrance and along a narrow covered passage, which opened into a light quad-

range, reminding the poetically-minded traveller of the *Atrium* of a house in Pompeii or Herculaneum. On the eastern side of this open square was a sort of colonnade, supporting some projecting chambers above; and on the pavement between the pillars were tubs containing parts of that "fresh importation of lively turtle," for which the house had been celebrated for several generations.

In the seventeenth century, we are told, one of the chief expenses of a London tradesman on first starting in business was the sign of his shop; and the sign of the "Rose" appears to have cost something considerable, especially when we consider the change that two centuries have effected in the value of money; for when the ruins of the house were cleared after the Great Fire, there was saved a fragment of an account book on which was the following entry:

"Pd. to Hoggestreete, the Duche Paynter, for y^e picture of a Rose, 4th a Standing Bowle and Glasses, for a Signe, xxl., besides Dinners and Drinkings. Also for a large Table of Walnut Tree, for a Frame, and for Iron Worke and Hanging the Picture vl."

It is clear that the artist who designed this rose could have been no other than Samuel Van Hoogstraten, a Dutch painter whose works in

England are very rare and valuable. He was one of the many excellent artists of his time, who, as Horace Walpole contemptuously remarks, “painted still life, oranges and lemons, plate, damask-curtains, cloth of gold, and that medley of familiar objects that strike the ignorant vulgar.” And doubtless this “Rose,” in its early beauty, was well fitted to throw into the shade the glories of the rival “Roses” at Temple Bar, in Covent Garden, and in Southwark. It is said by an antiquary, who has written the praises of this hostelry, in a style half playful and half serious, that under the sign ran the following inscription :

“This is ‘The Rose Tavern’ in the Poultry, kept by William King, citizen and vintner.”

“This Tavern’s like its Sign—a lustie Rose,
A sight of joy that sweetness doth enclose ;
The daintie Flowre well pictur’d here is seene ;
But for its rarest sweets, come, search within.”

Such was the state of affairs at this place, down to the time when it became evident to all men that the King’s recall was inevitable; and certain of the boldest and most loyal of the landlords of London cautiously ventured to express something of this in their signs. The concluding acts of the Restoration, however, followed so rapidly upon each other that there

was scarcely time to make even the most hasty preparations to receive Charles in his triumphal entry through the city. An open act of the authorities of the neighbouring parish of St. Peter-upon-Cornhill soon determined Master King's course in this respect. On the 10th of May, 1660, the Vestry "agreed that the King's Arms, in painted glass, should be refreshed, and forthwith be set up by the Churchwarden at the parish charges; with whatsoever he giveth to the glazier as a gratuity, for his care in keeping of them all this while."

In conformity with such demonstration as this, the host of "The Rose" resolved at once to add a Crown to his sign, with the portrait of Charles wearing it in the centre of the flower, and openly to name his tavern "The Royal Rose and King's Head." He effected his design, partly by the aid of one of the many excellent pencils which the time supplied, and partly by the inventive muse of Master Blythe, which soon furnished him with a new poesy. There is not any farther information extant concerning the painting; but the following remains of an entry on another torn fragment of the old account-book already mentioned, seem to refer to the poetical inscription beneath the picture:— "*on y^e Night when he made y^e Verses for my new Signe, a*

Soper, and v. Peeces.” The verses themselves were as follows :—

“ Gallants, Rejoice!—This Flow’re is now full blowne ;
’Tis a Rose-Noble betterd by a Crowne ;
All you who love the embleme and the Signe,
Enter, and prove our Loyaltie and wine.”

Beside this inscription, Master King also recorded the auspicious event referred to, by causing his painter to introduce into the picture a broad sheet, as if lying on the table with the cup and glasses,—on which appeared the title, “ A Kalendar for this Happy Yeare of Restauration 1660, now newly Imprinted.”

As the time advanced when the King’s arrival in England was expected, every hour seemed to develop some new feature of the approaching triumph which was to take place in London. All the day long the streets were resounding with the voices of ballad-singers pouring forth loyal songs, and declaring with the whole strength of their lungs, that

“ The King shall enjoy his own again.”

Then there were also to be heard the ceaseless horns and proclamations of hawkers and flying stationers, publishing the latest passages or rumours touching the royal progress ; which, whether genuine or not, were bought and read,

and circulated by all parties. At length, all the previous pamphlets and broad-sheets were swallowed up by a well-known tract, still extant, which the newsman of the time thus proclaimed:—

“Here is *A true Accompt and Narrative—of His Majestie’s safe Arrival in England—as ’twas reported to the House of Commons, on Friday, the 25th day of this present May, with the Resolutions of both Houses thereupon:—Also a letter very lately writ from Dover—relating divers remarkable Passages of His Majestie’s Reception there.*”

On every side the signs and iron-work were either refreshed, or newly gilt and painted: tapestries and rich hangings, which had engendered moth and decay from long disuse, were flung abroad again, that they might be ready to grace the coming pageant. The paving of the streets was levelled and repaired for the expected cavalcade: and scaffolds for spectators were in the course of erection throughout all the line of march. Floods of all sorts of wines were consumed, as well in the streets as in the taverns; and endless healths were devotedly and energetically swallowed, at morning, noon, and night.

But my narrative has, hitherto, not supplied any information concerning Mistress Rebecca King; though, but for her, the event which it

commemorates never would have happened, and, consequently the history itself never have been written. At this time she was about to add another member to Master King’s household, which already included his widowed sister and her son, as well as some children of their own. There were, also, continually to be found in the tavern several of those sympathising gossips who appear to be both natural and proper to the circumstances; and all these, with the many visitors resorting to such a noted place of entertainment, amply supplied Mistress King from hour to hour with full accounts of the public proceedings as they occurred; and even with the countless rumours which were reported by a thousand tongues. Whether it were from the vivid impression, which these narratives made upon her imagination, or from that mysterious influence which operates on the desires of females in her condition, is past all human conjecture; but, certain it is that she declared, first to her gossips, and then to her husband, that she “must see the King pass the Tavern, or matters might go cross with her.”

“And thou shalt see the King, sweetheart,” exclaimed the host of the Royal Rose, when this wish was made known to him. “Ask for what thou wilt inside the City-gates, and thou shalt

have it, so it be not too hot or too heavy as they say."

For the due performance of this promise, a kind of arbour was made for Mistress Rebecca in the small iron gallery which has been already noticed as surmounting the entrance to the tavern. This arbour was constructed of green boughs and flowers, hung round with tapestry and garnished with silver plate; and here, when the guns at the Tower announced that Charles had entered London, Mistress King took her seat, with as many of her children and gossips around her as the gallery would hold beside. All the houses in the main streets from London Bridge to Whitehall, were decorated like the tavern with rich silks and tapestries, hung from every scaffold, balcony, and window; which, as Herrick says, turned the town into a park, "made green and trimmed with boughs." The road through London, so far as Temple Bar, was lined on the north side by the City Companies, dressed in their liveries, and ranged in their respective stands, with their banners; and on the south by the soldiers of the trained bands.

It may very well be supposed that, in the narrow streets of the Metropolis before the Great Fire, there was but little space left between those lines for a royal procession to pass in. To this

cause of delay, as well as to the triumphal disorder of some very zealous sections of the cavalcade, must be attributed the circumstance that the journey through the City occupied seven hours; since the King entered it at two in the afternoon, and did not reach Whitehall until nine at night. In the nineteenth century we have but little sympathy for those who had to endure the ordinary street-paving of the seventeenth, when as yet *trottoirs* had not an existence, but the whole space between the houses was filled with those small spheroidal stones, which rendered both walking and riding equally vexatious. Hence the unaccommodating causeway—though it was strewn with flowers—formed occasion of delay. A further series of stoppages occurred from the conduits being made to run with wine instead of their ordinary streams, and from the healths which, in spite of all attempts to suppress them, were duly pledged and drunk at each.

It will be remembered that one of these conduits stood on the south side of the Stock’s Market, over which Sir Robert Viner subsequently erected a triumphal statue of Charles II. The site of it was in the centre of the back part of that large area which is at this time occupied by the Mansion House, nearly opposite to the eastern end of Bucklersbury. About this spot, therefore, the

crowd collected in the Market Place, aided by the fierce loyalty supplied from the conduit, appears to have brought the procession to a full stop, at the moment when Charles, who rode between his brothers the Dukes of York and Gloucester, was nearly opposite to the newly-named King's Head Tavern. In this most favourable interval, Master King, who stood upon a scaffold in the doorway, took the opportunity of elevating a silver cup of wine, and of shouting out a health to His Majesty, which certainly was far from being the first time that he had done it on that very same first 29th of May. It has been affirmed that he delivered himself in extemporaneous rhyme on the occasion, and that the verses following formed the two concluding lines of his effusion :—

“Hail to thee, Charles ! and may it be thy bliss
Never to taste less happy cup than this !”

but, in the crowd, shouting, and confusion through which the King rode, his speech, whether it was verse or prose, was altogether unheard. His energetic action, however, as he pointed upwards to the gallery, was not lost ; and the Duke of Buckingham, who rode immediately before the King, with General Monk, directed Charles's attention to Mistress Rebecca, saying, “Your Majesty's return is here welcomed even by a sub-

ject as yet unborn.” Charles had been most graciously, though perhaps often most unconsciously, bowing to the assembled multitudes all through his journey ; but after Buckingham’s remark, as the procession passed by the door of “The King’s Head Tavern,” he turned towards it, raised himself in his stirrups, and gracefully kissed his hand to Mistress Rebecca. Immediately after this most amiable act, such a shout was raised, from all who beheld it or heard of it, as startled the crowd up to Cheapside Conduit, and threw the poor woman herself into such an ecstasy that she was not conscious of anything more until she was safe in her chamber and all danger happily over.

“I think, Buckingham,” said the King, in a low tone, “that hereafter yonder tavern will be called ‘The Salutation,’ if the mistress rules.”

“If, Sir, the host is only as wise as his wife is fair,” replied the Duke, “he will have no change ; for there could have been no Salutation but for ‘The King’s Head !’”

And there was no change from that time to this. It was “The King’s Head” until the Great Fire ; as “The King’s Head” it was rebuilt afterwards ; and it still bore the same royal impress down to at all events the middle of the reign of Victoria.

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

(1877.)

MOST of the following particulars, relative to the Great Fire of London in 1666, are based on a very interesting paper on this subject recently read before the members of the London and Middlesex Archæological Society by my kinsman, Mr. Cornelius Walford, whose attention had been forcibly drawn to the want of something like a well-written history of that direful calamity, during the preparation of a series of articles on "fires," "fire-insurances," and "fire-protection" for his "Insurance Cyclopædia." A large portion of the matter collected by my kinsman with such well-directed industry is not only exceedingly curious in itself, but relates to topics with which the general public is comparatively unfamiliar.

I may, therefore, be pardoned for making it the subject of a separate article.

Strange indeed are the various prophecies, real or supposed, respecting the conflagration, the utterances attributed to Mother Shipton on the subject, and the vague threats contained in "The Butcher's Blessing, or the Bloody Intentions of Romish Cavaliers against the City of London," published in 1642: strange also is the following advertisement issued in the *Perfect Diurnal* of April 9th, 1655, by William Lilly, the famous astrologer, who, if he had not made this solemn contradiction, would have been regarded as the greatest astrologer who ever lived:—

"Whereas there are several flying reports, and many false and scandalous speeches in the mouth of many people in this City, tending unto this effect, viz., That I, William Lilly, should predict or say there would be a great fire in or near the Old Exchange, and another in St. John's Street, and another in the Strand, near Temple Bar, and in several other parts of the City. These are to certify the whole City that I protest before Almighty God that I never wrote any such thing, I never spoke any such word, or ever thought of any such thing, or any or all of these particular places or streets, or any other parts. These un-

truths are forged by ungodly men and women to disturb the quiet people of this City, to amaze the nation, and to cast aspersions and scandals on me. God defend this City and all her inhabitants, not only from fire, but from the plague, pestilence, or famine, or any other accident or mortality that may be prejudicial unto her greatness."

The fire broke out on the 2nd of September, 1666. It began in a baker's house in Pudding Lane, by Fish Street Hill, and continued burning until the greater part of the City was consumed.

In the "Diaries" of Eyelyn and Pepys may be read graphic accounts of the horrors caused by the fire. From these accounts, the progress of the conflagration may be traced with considerable minuteness.

But there is a reverse side to every medal and coin. Thus while the burning of the City brought great distress and even ruin upon many of the citizens of that period, yet London in itself received a great and direct benefit. For centuries previous it had been a continued lurking-place for the plague. Its narrow streets and alleys, its dark and unwholesome dwellings, its deficient water supply and drainage, together with its increasing crowds of inhabitants, had rendered it one of the plague-spots of Europe. During the

preceding year no fewer than 160,000 persons had fallen victims to this giant pestilence. The City passed through its purification of fire, and has since remained free. It has been asserted, and not without some show of truth, that but for the fire, London would hardly have been suited to be the commercial capital of England. The more indirect results of the Fire were: 1. the actual adoption of fire insurance in Great Britain; attempts had been previously made to introduce the system, but they had all failed. In the year following the Fire, Dr. Barbon's office for fire insurance was actually opened. No risks were taken beyond the limits of the bills of mortality. 2. The more general diffusion of the practice of fire insurance through the continent of Europe—I say the more general diffusion, because I have strong grounds for believing that fire insurances, as a municipal institution, was previously in existence in some parts of Europe. In 1667, the Municipal Fire Casse of the Free City of Hamburg was first founded.

Some interesting particulars are recorded as to the loss sustained, and the legislative measures adopted by the Government and by the Corporation of London to prevent a recurrence of the evil. Amongst the civic regulations may be noted the following:—

“That the City and liberties thereof shall be divided and appointed into four equal parts or quarters, and the east part or quarter to contain these wards following—viz., Portsoken, Aldgate, Tower, Billingsgate, Bridge, Langbourne, and Lime Street. The west part or quarter to contain Farringdon Within, Farringdon Without, Castle Baynard, Cheapside, and Aldersgate. The north part or quarter to contain Cornhill, Bread Street, Coleman Street, Bassishaw, Bishopsgate, and Cripplegate. And the south part or quarter to contain Queenhithe, Broad Street, Vintry, Cordwainer, Dowgate, Walbrook, and Candlewick Street.

“That every of the said quarters shall be furnished and provided at or before the Feast of the Birth of our Lord God, next ensuing, of 800 leather buckets, 50 ladders, viz., ten 42 ft. long, ten 32 ft. long, ten 20 ft. long, ten 16 ft. long, and ten 12 ft. long; as also of so many hand squirts of brass as will furnish two for every parish: 24 pickaxe sledges, and 40 shod shovels. (See Art. XXIV.)

“That every one of the twelve companies provide and keep in readiness thirty buckets, one engine, six pickaxe sledges, three ladders, and two hand squirts of brass.

“That every alderman who has passed the

office of shrievalty provide four-and-twenty buckets and one hand squirt of brass. And all those who have not been sberiffs, twelve buckets and one hand squirt of brass, to be kept in their respective dwellings. And all other principal citizens and inhabitants, and every other person, being a subsidy man, or of the degree of a subsidy man, shall provide and keep in their houses a certain number of buckets, according to their quality.

“That any householder, upon any cry of fire, shall place a sufficient man at his door, well armed, and hang out a light at his door, if in the night time; upon default whereof every party offending shall forfeit 20s.

“That every householder shall, during the time of any fire, have water in a vessel ready at his door to quench and suppress all further increase of the fire.

“That plugs be put into the pipes in the most convenient places in every street, whereof all inhabitants may take notice; that breaking of the pipes in a disorderly manner may be avoided.

“That the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, as also the deputies and common councilmen of such ward where any fire shall happen, have speedy notice thereof by several messengers to be dispatched from the constables on the first discovery.

“That the several Companies of Carpenters, Bricklayers, Plasterers, Painters, Masons, Smiths, Plumbers, and Paviers, do yearly for each Company elect two master workmen, four journeymen, eight apprentices, and sixteen labourers, to be ready upon all occasions of fire to attend the Lord Maior and Sheriffs, for quenching the same.

“That yearly there be chosen some able citizen and skilful engineer to attend the Lord Maior and Sheriffs, or any of them upon such accident. Who, by their advice, is to give his assistance, and to blow up by their direction such houses, whereby the increase of the fire may be most probably prevented; and that labourers be appointed to attend such engineer.

“That all persons whose houses shall be blown up, or otherwise demolished for the prevention of the increase of fire, shall have such damages as the Common Council shall award; and that all persons labouring therein shall be awarded, as by order of the Court of Aldermen shall be appointed; and that a rate laid by the Common Council on the remaining houses of the City and liberties, for the satisfying thereof.

“That once a quarter the Deputy and Common Council of every ward return certificates to the Lord Maior and Court of Aldermen, of the number and condition of their buckets, engines, ladders

and all other necessaries of that nature. And the engineer to examine the same; that on all occasions they may be found in readiness; and that the certificates at Michaelmas quarter be returned as well to the Lord Maior elect, as to the Lord Maior.

“That no person whosoever be henceforth permitted at any time to make or cause to be made any sort of fireworks; or to fire, or cause to be fired, any such fireworks within the City or liberties thereof; except such persons only as shall be thereunto appointed by H.M., or any lawful authority under him.”

The practice of blowing-up houses by means of gunpowder to stop the progress of the fire, which we learn from Pepys was adopted on the third day of the conflagration, and by which means it seems the fire was ultimately stopped, developed afterwards into a system. But, as it was a practice attended with danger, the “Gunners of the Ordnance,” *i.e.*, the artillery officers, were called in to superintend the operation. This led to a Privy Council minute throwing the charge upon the insurance offices.

Special announcements were naturally called forth by the position in which tradesmen found themselves in consequence of the Fire, and the

London Gazette of October 11-15 this year contained the following:—

“Such as have settled in new habitations since the late fire, and desire for the convenience of their correspondence to publish the place of their present abode, or to give notice of goods lost or found, may repair to the corner house in Bloomsbury, or on the east side of the Great Square [Bloomsbury Square], before the house of the Right Hon. the Lord Treasurer, where there is care taken for the receipt and publication of such advertisements.”

“All artificers of the several trades that must be used in rebuilding the Royal Exchange may take notice that the committee appointed for management of that work do sit at the end of the long gallery in Gresham Colledge every Monday, in the forenoon, there and then to treat with such as are fit to undertake the same.”

“These are to give notice that Edward Barlet, Oxford, carrier, hath removed his inn in London from the Swan, at Holborn Bridge, to the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane, where he did issue before the Fire. His coaches and waggons going forth on their usual days, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. He hath also a hearse, with all things convenient to carry a corpse to any part of England.”*

* “History of Advertising,” p. 77.

It is well-known that the Monument at one time bore inscriptions which ascribed the Great Fire to the Papists. "But these offensive paragraphs," says Cunningham, "formed no part of the original inscription written by Dr. Gale, but were added in 1681, by order of the Court of Aldermen, when Titus Oates and his plot had filled the City with a fear and horror of the Papists. They were obliterated in the reign of James II., recut deeper than before in the reign of William III, and finally erased (by an Act of Common Council) January 26th, 1831."

The following inscription was placed, by authority, upon the house in Pudding Lane in which the Fire commenced: "Here, by the permission of Heaven, Hell brake loose upon this Protestant City, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent, Hubert. Who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact; for which he was hanged, viz., That here began the dreadful Fire, which is described and perpetuated on and by the neighbouring pillar (the Monument) erected anno 1681 in the majority (intended for mayoralty) of Sir Patience Wood, Kt."

The language employed in the above inscription expresses the popular belief of the period, viz., that the Papists had caused the firing of the

City. This belief in process of time died away, to be followed indeed by another equally, if not more absurd, namely, that the King and Parliament had secretly ordered the burning of the City in order to drive out the Plague, and thus to purify and render it fit to be the commercial capital of the world. The "neighbouring pillar" referred to in the inscription is the Monument, which was placed 202 feet—exactly its own height—west of the spot where the fire commenced.

But this now famous inscription too was only ordered to be put up by the Court of Common Council, 17th June, 1681. The stone on which the inscription was cut was removed in the reign of James II., replaced in the reign of William III., and finally taken down, probably about 1756, "on account of the stoppage of passengers to read it." The stone was placed in the cellar of the building; but on the rebuilding of the house afterwards it was placed in the garden; and as recently the year 1876 was again discovered on pulling down the house, and has now found a final and appropriate resting place in the museum of the Corporation at Guildhall.

Regarding Robert Hubert referred to in the tablet, we have these details in addition to those given in the report of the Parliamentary Com-

mittee already quoted. He was a French Papist, and, being shortly after the Fire arrested in Essex as a rogue and a vagabond, "made suspicious haste" to confess that it was he who burned London down. The man was brought to London, tried at the Old Bailey, and hanged amidst the ruins of the conflagration on the site of the present Monument Yard. His confession, on the score of its amplitude, was certainly unimpeachable; and at the very gallows foot he owned that he had been suborned at Paris to commit this dreadful crime, that "there were three more combined with him to do the same thing," and that "he had set the first house on fire."

Clarendon, however, says, "Neither the judges nor any present at the trial did believe him guilty, but that he was a poor distracted wretch, weary of his life, and chose to part with it in this way." The hanging him, while it served to appease the public wrath, also tended to foster an impression which no one now seriously believes.

The execution of Hubert incited the stoutly Protestant authorities to affix that inscription on the face of London's Column itself, which incited Pope to liken it to "a tall bully lifting its head and lying." The offensive legend imputing the disaster to the fury of the Papists was discouraged by Sir Christopher Wren, but was added to the

monment by resolution of the Court of Aldermen 1681, in the midst of the anti-Catholic agitation caused by the perjuries of Titus Oates. .

A list of the "Fire sermons" preached in St. Paul's from 1667 downwards, and of the various pamphlets and other publications issued from the press, all bearing more or less directly on the Fire, would make an interesting subject for a paper, for their name was "Legion," and the destruction of London gave birth to a literature equally rare and curious.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON LONDON.

IF, as there can be little doubt, the "city" proper of London is identical with the Londinium of Tacitus and Pliny, and with the "Augusta" of the Romans at a subsequent period, it must be owned that it presents a strange compound of the old and new. For London, in the sense of "that world of stucco which is bounded by Barnet on the north, and Croydon on the south, which touches Woolwich in the far east, and Richmond and Twickenham in the far west," is certainly a very modern institution; although the names of "Watling Street," and "the Tower," and "London Stone," carry us back to the days of the Cæsars, and enable us to see that Camalodunum and Verulamium had a formidable rival on the banks of the "Tamesis," as Cæsar calls our river.

The "oldest inhabitant" of London, if invited to descant on the architectural beauties which he noted in the great metropolis in his childhood, but which exist no more, would not have a very long, or a very interesting tale to tell. We should not expect him to remember—though his father might easily recall the time—when the western approach to Fleet Street was blocked up by Butcher's Row; when Holbein's gate stood across Whitehall; when there was a farmhouse with a dairy, and a village pound at the corner of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road; when a fair was really held in May Fair, and when all between Berners Street and "Tyburn Gate" was a range of open fields. Still an old Londoner, yet living, might remember when the Haymarket was actually a market for hay; when the site of the National Gallery was occupied by "the King's Mews," and that of the Duke of York's Column by the screen of Carlton House; when the mean, narrow, low-life thoroughfare known as Swallow Street, now replaced by the broad and fashionable Regent Street, stretched from Piccadilly to Portland Place; when "Exeter 'Change" was to the Strand what Middle Row was, until a very recent date, to Holborn; when filthy lanes teeming with felonious inmates covered the area of Victoria Street; and when Belgravia and Eaton

Square were desolate plots of marshy land, infested by footpads. To these reminiscences the "oldest inhabitant" might add the information that, in the days of his youth, there were no policemen, but only servile and decrepit "Charlies;" that short "stages" were the substitute for our omnibuses and tram-cars, hackney coaches and sedan chairs for cabs, and the "Bridewell Boys" and the "longshore men" with their buckets, for the Fire Brigade; that there were "Bow Street Runners" in lieu of detectives, and oil-lamps instead of gas and electric lights; that women used to be whipped at the cart's tail on Holborn Hill, and men pilloried in the Poultry, and half a dozen or so of either sex hanged in the Old Bailey on most Monday mornings; that the populace used habitually to seize on the bulls which were being driven to Smithfield for the purpose of baiting them; that Princes of the Royal blood used to attend prize-fights, and that, whenever the mob began to cry out for cheap bread or Parliamentary Reform, the Lord Mayor used to order the gates of Temple Bar to be shut. Happily we are now able to say *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

Let us now pass to another point of view in our desultory survey. We shall see that it is not only in respect of its population and the number

of its houses that London is great, perhaps we might add without fear of contradiction, the very greatest of all the cities in modern Europe. A Greek poet and a Greek historian have told us that a city consists not in ships or walls, but in men; and London has given to the world poets, philosophers, statesmen, historians, and men of science, as no other city has done; and in many ways it seems to combine in itself every element that is necessary for a great capital. But let us content ourselves with regarding its population as merely an aggregate of units, quite apart from all idea of intellectual or social eminence. Place its inhabitants shoulder to shoulder, they would form a line nearly as long as the whole of England, from Portsmouth to Berwick-on-Tweed. Think what a difficulty it must be not only to govern, but to feed so vast a multitude. Verily it has been truly said that the greatest wonder about London is London itself! To realize what London is, we must picture to ourselves the most squalid misery and the most gorgeous wealth existing side by side. Again, it is the emporium and epitome of British wealth and commerce. It is for London that the manufacturing districts toil and spin; it is for London that our fairest crops are grown; and for London that our seas are plundered of their fish. London is the com-

mon mart to which all the products of these islands are brought for the purpose of exchange. In beauty it cannot be compared with Edinburgh, or even with Dublin; and yet it has a busy, multitudinous, ever-varying life to which those cities are comparative strangers. But, though it is such a centre of commerce, it has next to no public markets; all the dealing of man with man is the result of private enterprize, and we are not so much a nation of merchants as of "shopkeepers." If Manchester is the capital of productive labour, and Liverpool of foreign imports, London is still the capital of distributive labour. Its wealth is enormous, and we cannot at all accurately calculate its total; but at a rough guess it must exceed a hundred millions sterling. "Mein Gott!" remarked Blücher in 1814, "vat un place for to loot!" But what would he have said now if he could see Regent Street and Oxford Street, Bond Street and Piccadilly, or could have taken a walk down the Strand. It contains, however, besides these material riches, a wealth which cannot be estimated by gold and silver, or, as Wordsworth writes:—

"By nicely calculated less or more;"

the wealth of human intelligence; and in this respect we think that no other city would venture to put forward a counter-claim against London.

“The growth of a great city,” observes John Timbs, “must be an interesting study to a larger number of persons than we may at first imagine; its claims upon attention are world-wide when that city is London. It may seem like national partiality when we speak thus; but it is only philosophic reasoning when we remember that no city of equal size and importance exists in the world, or ever did exist. Babylon ‘the Great’ was not so large; and imperial Rome was smaller in its palmy days; even when mistress of the world it by no means rivalled modern London.”

But in truth, when we speak of “London,” we do not mean so much a city as a collection or gathering together of cities. Not only is our metropolis many-handed, like Briareus, and many-headed, like Cerberus; it is manifold. It is no longer singular, but plural; it consists no longer of one city, but of many. It has engulfed gradually many cities, towns, villages, and separate jurisdictions. Its present surface includes large portions of four commonwealths or kingdoms, those of the Middle Saxons, of the East Saxons, of the “South Rie” (Surrey) folk, and of the men of Kent. Taken in its widest acceptance, London now embraces not only the entire cities of London and Westminster, but half the county of Middlesex, all the boroughs of

Southwark and Greenwich, the towns of Woolwich and Wandsworth, the watering places of Hampstead, Highgate, Islington, Acton, and Kilburn, the fishing town of Barking, the once secluded and ancient villages of Hornsey, Sydenham, Lee, Kensington, Fulham, Lambeth, Clapham, Paddington, Hackney, Chelsea, Stoke Newington, Newington Butts, Tottenham, Blackheath, and many others; the jurisdiction and lieutenancy of the Tower Hamlets, and of the Hospital of St. Katherine's, and the Lordship of the Duchy of Lancaster, or the Savoy, in Westminster. As time goes on, no doubt, it will extend even further and, like an octopus, grasp within its tentacles the outlying towns and villages of Croydon, Finchley, Twickenham, and even Teddington.

A short summary of the calculations that have been made by writers from time to time as to the population of "The Great Wen," may not be out of place here. Political economists differ widely in their estimates of the number of inhabitants which the metropolis contained in the Middle Ages, and of the progressive ratio of increase. In 1377, London is said to have contained about 35,000 inhabitants. In 1636-7, they amounted to 700,000, within the city walls, according to a census ordered by the Lord Mayor, Sir Edward Bromfield; but this calculation is thought to be

erroneous. In 1746, an historian calculated the population at 992,000 ; but, eight years after, Dr. Brackenbridge fixed it at only 751,812 persons ; and there is strong reason to believe that this estimate is the more nearly correct. But, to come to more certain data, we find that, according to the census of 1801, London was inhabited by 864,845 persons. In 1811, it had increased to 1,099,104 ; and in 1821, the population numbered 1,225,964. In another twenty years this number had almost doubled ; and, according to the last census returns, in 1871, it had reached the grand total of 3,266,987 souls, to which—if the average rate of increase has since been maintained, of which there can be little doubt—at least another half million can now be added. Yet, while the population rapidly increases in every other part of the metropolis, it decreases in the city proper. In 1701, it amounted to 139,300 ; in 1750, to 87,000 ; and in 1821, the population of the city did not exceed 75,174 persons. It is calculated that now, in the year of grace 1879, not above 74,000 souls live in the actual city, reckoning those only who sleep within its precincts. This diminution is naturally to be ascribed to the great superiority of the streets at the west-end of the town over those in the east ; and to the citizens turning their dwelling-houses into warehouses,

and taking their families to some village in the environs, being too refined to bear any longer the inconvenience of "Smoky London!"

It may be of interest to note the number of dwelling-houses in the metropolis which afford shelter to this large and teeming population. According to a recent estimate, as we learn from the pages of "Old and New London," the total length of the streets of London is about 2,500 miles; whilst the entire number of houses—"inhabited, uninhabited, and building,"—concentrated, at the time of taking the last census of 1871, within the area of "London according to Act of Parliament," amounted to rather more than 455,000; so that, adding the annual rate of domiciliary increase (7,500), there must now be some 53,000 more, or 508,000 dwellings altogether. It has been calculated that this large number of houses, with an average frontage of five yards, would be more than sufficient to form one continuous row of buildings round the island of Great Britain, from the Land's End to John o' Groat's, from John o' Groat's to the North Foreland, and from the North Foreland back again to the Land's End.

As a matter of course, the vast and varied assemblages of human beings here located must be clothed and fed—for, as St. Paul tells us,

“food and raiment” are the only real necessities of life.

The supply of food, indeed, is amongst the most remarkable of the real phenomena of the great city. With a population far outnumbering the largest armies that were ever brought together upon the “tented field,” the commissariat of London is one which will well repay a deep and careful study. It would be useless to ask by what central authority, or under what controlling system, the metropolis is supplied with its daily food. There is no Commissariat Department, and consequently no one assumes the responsibility of its head; nobody, in fact, takes care that a sufficient quantity of food shall find its way into London day by day and year by year, for the supply of its three millions and a-half of inhabitants. Yet such a supply *does* reach London.

Archbishop Whately remarked,—writing about half a century ago, when the population was not only less dense than at present, but when many villages and parishes, which are now included in the vast area of London, were regarded as extra-metropolitan—“Let any one propose to himself the problem of supplying with daily provision of all kinds such a city as our metropolis, containing above a million of inhabitants. Let him imagine himself a head-commissary, en-

trusted with the office of furnishing to this enormous host their daily rations. Any considerable failure in the supply, even for a single day, might produce the most frightful distress, since the spot on which they are cantoned produces absolutely nothing. Some, indeed, of the articles consumed admit of being reserved in public or private stores for a considerable time, but many, including most articles of animal food, and many of vegetables, are of the most perishable nature. As a deficient supply of these, even for a few days, would occasion great inconvenience, so would a redundancy of them produce a corresponding waste. Moreover, in a district of such vast extent as this (as it has been aptly called) 'province covered with houses,' it is essential that the supplies should be so distributed among the different quarters as to be brought about to the doors of the inhabitants, at least within such a distance that they may, without an inconvenient waste of time and labour, procure their daily shares."

The Archbishop points out that the provisions required, instead of being uniform, as in a garrison, must be diversified to admit the almost infinitely varying tastes of individuals; that they must accommodate themselves to the varying number of persons residing in London at different seasons of the year; that they must bear some

direct relation to the richness or scarcity in the supply of different kinds of food at different times; and he then proceeds:—"Now, let any one consider this problem in all its bearings, reflecting on the enormous and fluctuating number of persons to be fed; the immense quantity and the variety of the provisions to be furnished; the importance of a convenient distribution of them; and the necessity of husbanding them discreetly, and then let him reflect on the anxious toil which such a task would impose upon a board of the most experienced and intelligent commissaries, who, after all, would be able to discharge their office but inadequately." The striking feature here is, that no commissariat department is necessary. "This object is accomplished, far better than it could be by any effort of human wisdom, through the agency of men who think each of nothing beyond his own immediate interest; who, with that object in view, perform their respective parts with cheerful zeal, and combine unconsciously to employ the wisest means for effecting an object the vastness of which it would bewilder them even to contemplate. Each of these watches attentively the demand of a neighbourhood, or of the market he frequents, for such commodities as he deals in. The apprehension, on the one hand, of not realising all the profit he might, and, on

the other hand, of having his goods left on his hands, either by his laying in too large a stock, or by his rivals' underselling him—these, acting like antagonist muscles, regulate the extent of his dealings and the prices at which he buys and sells. An abundant supply causes him to lower his prices, and thus enable the public to enjoy that abundance, while *he* is guided only by the apprehension of being undersold.”*

It will be impossible within the limits of this article to do more than take a cursory glance at the supplies of some of the principal articles of daily consumption in the metropolis. Much curious information concerning the food supplies of London in the Tudor times is to be found in the pages of Stow and many of his contemporaries. The principal meat markets in those days appear to have been in the Stocks' Market (where the Mansion House stands), and at Leadenhall. Stow informs us that it was at that time ordered that butchers should not demand more than a halfpenny a pound for beef, and a halfpenny and half a farthing per pound for mutton. Smithfield was, however, the chief market for the “sellers of oxen, sheep, swine, and such like,” and such it continued for another two centuries and a half.

* “Introductory Lectures on Political Economy,” Lecture IV. p. 103.

The sale of fish in London during the sixteenth century remained more or less under the control of the Companies. Corn, however, was an especial object of protective care on the part of the State; and during the dynasty of the Tudors a multiplicity of rules appeared relating thereto. The Corporation of London put in force a plan for establishing public granaries, filled when corn could be purchased at a low price, and opened at a moderate price when corn should become dear. These granaries are now numerous about Bermondsey and Shadwell; but there are many granaries on each side of the river from Greenwich to Vauxhall.

The number of corn vessels which arrive in the port of London is so great that warehouses, granaries, and the river itself in many places are at times completely blocked up; but the large quantity suddenly brought into the market depresses prices, and the cargo may have to remain for months in the granary. Corn and grain, the produce of our own soil, is kept in the granary as well to improve its condition as to wait the chance of favourable markets. By being frequently turned and screened it becomes harder and better adapted for grinding, and, though it loses in measure, it gains in weight. In 1872 an Act was passed for abolishing the compulsory

metage on grain imported into the port of London, and for commuting the metage dues received by the Corporation into a fixed due, for the purpose of creating a fund "to be applied towards the preservation of open spaces near London, and for other purposes connected therewith."

The sale of sugar, spices, and similar commodities, was in former times chiefly controlled by the Grocers' Company. An entry in the books of this Company, dated 1561, is to the effect that the "bags and remnantes of certeyne evil and naynte pepper" were ordered to be conveyed over sea to be sold; but the dust of the "evil pepper, syrnamed ginger," was to be burned. In 1571, one King, a member of the Apothecaries' Company, and certain others, "makers of comfytes, were charged before the wardynes for their misdemeanours in minglinge starche with the sugar and such other thinges as be not tolerated or suffered; and the said King having now in his place a goode quantitie of comfytes made with corse stuffe, and mingled as aforesaid with starch and such like, it was ordered that the comfytes should be put into a tub of water, and so consumed and poured out." It is clear, therefore, that the art of adulteration was not left for later years to invent.

Many London trades in the reign of Queen Elizabeth were made subjects of patent monop-

lies—the patents being granted either to favoured individuals or in return for a money contribution. Most of the breweries in the sixteenth century stood near the banks of the Thames. Stow tells us that in 1585 there were about twenty-six brewers in the City and in Westminster, some of whom were foreigners, who brought over with them the art of cultivating hops, and that some of them brewed chiefly for export to foreign countries. In the present day, the number of breweries within the metropolitan area amounts to upwards of 150 in number, whilst the number of public-houses where thirsty souls of London can be accommodated with what they require in the shape of malt liquor, &c., amounts to upwards of 5,000. About half that number of grocers and tea-dealers appears to be sufficient to meet the wants of London in the present day ; whilst the number of bakers and butchers may be roughly estimated at 2,500 and 1,500 respectively. Of tailors, clothiers, and outfitters we have now no less than 3,000.

The water-supply of London is a subject which has long engaged the attention of the legislature, and official reports are issued monthly, under the authority of the Local Government Board, with respect to the quality of the water supplied by the several Metropolitan water companies. In the reign of Elizabeth, one Peter Moris, a

Dutchman, established water-works at the north end of London Bridge; these were for some time, apart from two or three public conduits, the chief source of the water-supply of London: but in 1619 the New River Water Works were inaugurated under the auspices of Sir Hugh Myddelton, and added very considerably to the quantity of pure water brought into London for domestic purposes. For eighteen years after the completion of the New River, the adventurers received no dividend whatever, and, in the nineteenth, it amounted to only £11 19s. 1d. each share. Some idea of the importance of the New River in the present day may be gained from the fact that, ten years ago, a share that was sold by auction realized about £48,000.

“The existing water companies,” observes a writer in the *Quarterly Review* (about 1850), “send daily through their pipes, for the use of the inhabitants of London, a volume of water sufficient to fill St. Paul’s Cathedral three times over; one which in four-and-twenty hours would flood the entire area of St. James’s Park with water more than three feet deep; or, if left running for a year, would bury the city one mile square in water nearly one hundred feet in depth.”

As to the quantity of water used in London at the present time, we may not be far out when we

state that the average daily supply of our homes for drinking, washing and other domestic purposes, is no less than a hundred millions of gallons.

On the whole, although London is a place of business rather than of amusement, it cannot be said that we are badly off for parks and public gardens, in spite of the admitted superiority of Paris in this respect. In Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, the Green Park, and St. James's Park we have an all but unbroken stretch of greensward three miles in length, extending from the far west into the heart of the fashionable district of London. The artizan population of the East End has its Victoria Park; and Battersea Park is another "lung of London" for the Southerners of the transpontine parts, whilst Hampstead Heath opens its breezy expanse invitingly to all who will climb our "Northern Heights." A writer in the *Daily News*, indeed, has gone so far as to assert that "there is no city in Europe or out of it which has so much health-giving and pleasure-giving vegetation within its bounds as London; and that not in the shape merely of public parks and promenades, but scattered throughout the masses of houses; so that in thousands and thousands of cases the proprietor or tenant of an unpretentious and modestly rented dwelling can watch from his own windows his

own trees and shrubs and plants daily expanding to meet the mild influence of the spring." Within the confines of London there are numbers of houses not exceeding £100 a year in rent, which have gardens so cunningly contrived as to shut out all view of stone and brick; so that the French windows of the drawing-room open out on a small lawn surrounded by a grove of shrubs, and this little circle of green is a domain commanded by no alien espionage."

This we hold to be a gross exaggeration, and a considerable addition would have to be made to our "open spaces" and "recreation grounds" before our metropolis could challenge comparison with that of our lively neighbours on the banks of the Seine. Much, beyond a doubt, could be done to lessen this deficiency by throwing down and removing the unsightly iron railings which enclose almost all our squares, forbidding the worn and weary labouring man or woman to sit down and rest. But such an innovation as this would necessitate a different arrangement of our squares from that which now prevails; for a garden with trees, grass and gravel paths, fringed with flower-beds, would hardly exist for long in London if thrown open without reserve to the *gamins* of our streets. As Mr. Diprose remarks in his "Book about London:" "Surely we have

already squares enough on the Lincoln's Inn Fields type. Why should we not try the experiment of what the French call a *place* and the Italians a *piazza*? One such square was projected by the late Duke of Bedford, who planned the space in Covent Garden where the market now stands; but the gardeners came and occupied it with fruits and flowers until they became too strong to be resisted. A real *piazza*, such as is so common in Paris and Lyons, in Turin and Florence, would be an agreeable change. In such a square a few beds of flowers, like those which may be seen in the space opposite Palace Yard, would be appropriate; but the great point is to set the fashion of dispensing with the ugly iron rails." Such a *piazza*, though on a small scale, has lately been added, and successfully, to the west-end—we refer to Leicester Square, the gift of Mr. Albert Grant.

THE END.



